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By "UNKNOWN,"

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Maxon," said be.

I never by any chance used-Von Kranzen-

That was all for the time being, but a few

"Find me that Englishman once more

"You don't call him an original genius in

"Nothing of importance was arrived at,

"Well, Englishman or Irishman, he was

"We shadowed him with the utmost care,

sorted with suspicious characters, that he

our conclusion, but now I want him again.'

but his eyes seemed to demand the cause.

His chief threw an involuntary glance of

stern memories of law and retribution-as

tray a secret whispered with the least im-

just made their first advances, in the usual

'Aha! they're getting pretty close to us

"It's the first time I've known it to be

tried in this city; they would be much more

likely to confine it to the interior-though.

of course, it may have been, and any number of times, without coming to our ears.

Whether I have got a clue or not depends

"Then you'll have it, if Sergeant Von has

to train down 100 pounds." It was to be

hoped the sergeant would not have to train

down to that extent, for it would have left him no more than 75 remaining, which

would have been decidedly inconvenient to

"We laid a trap for the bold adventurer, intending to lead him on little by little. A

meeting was appointed at which, had he attended it, he would have been taken."

The listener rubbed his hands together

"But he did not come. Further overtures

brought no response from him. He gave it

A profound "Ah!" of disappointment was

breathed forth from the mouth of Sergeant

"The Brooklyn gentleman noticed Maxon upon his track several times that morning;

and on going out stumbled against him

awares and mumbled something about

him well when he was with Tubbridge.

upon you.'

with a zest.

"And by whom?"

powder to blow him up."

CHAPTER I. SERGEANT VON

"My opinion is that Doctor Thompson is the man that committed those robberies days later the inspector summoned his sub-throughout the country," said Sergeant ordinate before him again. Von of the New York detective force. "It was a cleverer man than the doctor," that young fellow-what was his name?

returned Inspector Byrnes.
"Perhaps so, but he is the only man that

and of superior education," said the inspector quietly. "There is a new touch about poor fellow, shiftless enough, but without residence of the Brooklyn citizen upon the Legamption to plan anything except whom the attempt at fraud had been begun. it. I venture to say that it will turn out the gumption to plan anything except that the person at the bottom of these crimes could do all that the doctor could "These innocent-seeming in often the worst. He may have been just sharp enough to play it on us all that time

of men to make the mistake of chilling the zeal of his subordinates by want of consideration. He knew that each had his The sergeant seated himself with the repeculiar strength as well as weakness, and spectful air that became so important a to expect anywhere absolute perfection.

The had lived too long in an imperfect world bresence as that of his chief.

"Our prominent New York capitalist, to expect anywhere absolute perfection. Our prominent New York capitalist, An adroit mechanic will find here Roderick Tunbringe, is the man upon and there a bit of point, a good whom most of the letters of introduction cutting edge even in a dulled and have been forged which the daring rusty tool whereas should he throw it away swindler has used to present himself to he would risk leaving nimself without any leading people in various parts of the at all. Therefore the inspector let his men argue and present their theries to the full, encouraged them by praise and availed fully. but, letting him know what little himself of all their enthusiasm and intelli- seemed desirable, we undertook a series of gence, while taking care-often by some investigations to find out who it was that little surprise such as he was about to use could have forged the letters, or who it was now-to let them know that they had above that could have supplied the information them a keenness and insight much greater | concerning the private relations of Tun-

persons in the country to fleece whom that information was used."

'em." persisted Sergeant Von. "It's mighty strange he's the only one that says in the sure I remember to the sure I strange he's the only one that succeeds in keeping out of the way. What is he up to, "Nothing of importance was I'd like to know? Since coming back from and one or two of his clerks even left in anthe West I've been getting more and more | ger on account of the suspicious treatment certain he was our man. I feel it in my to which they were subjected. Those things

The inspector quietly reached into a We shadowed these offended clerks all the drawer in his desk and took out a little same, and the substantial result is that they memorandum he had prepared.

"I attended to this matter," said he. find something against was a young Eng"Here is a complete record of Dr. Thompson lishman—who had not been long in this eversince he got out of prison. He's been | country." down for many months with consumption, brought on by a pieurisy he contracted in inspector on ranches and so on, before concelebrating his release. That's why he's ing here, but he had not been long in New b en keeping quiet. It wouldn't surprise York." me to hear of his dropping off at any moment."

but not in New York. Weil, for some months this Maxon was a clerk with Rod-

"What's the condition of Dr. Thompson his office too, and when looking for the

now?" he asked. 'He died last night, inspector."

At this blow Sergeant Von looked much to a nobleman in England, and is rather crestfallen. He was one of the brightest fond of the English. He entertains the detectives on the force; there were certain leading ones who come here on their things of which it was said that if Ser travels, and the poorer ones, on that acgeant Von couldn't do them they could not count perhaps, are in the habit of looking to be done at all, but his special failing was an him as something of a patron." over-anxiety to have complete certainties.

Something like this seemed necessary me Maxon seemed more of an Irishman. to stimulate his powers to their He told me so himself. Bless you! that full energy. When following a trail chap would sit down on a bench in Madison or a line of action he was accuss square and tell all his affairs to anybody tomed to fire himself up by adding one that would listen to him." creasing his zest and the probability of the of no account, and Tunbridge had to diswhole, till the desired certainty ending in charge him. It was only out of charity he success-or in blank failure-was at last ar- | kept him on at all.' rived at. It is only fair to say, however, that in the latter event, after a little pause due to the disappointment, he was just as ready to start off in a new direction, which in turn he was soon seen following with the write his own name, that he never con-

same whole-souled ardor.

Just at present he considered that he had been having a very severe run of ill-luck. He had very lately returned from an extended tour in the West and South-and let had been quite without result. He had but an easy task. He asked no questions, been at Baltimore, Charleston, Quincy, Ill., Buffalo, Troy, and Worcester, Mass., having out as the best man to visit the ground as a whole-special detec- room, so filled with the dread implements tives having been employed at these points | that had reduced many a hapless victim to on the trace of a mysterious criminal or eternal silence, and so replete with the criminals, and his mission had been fruitless. It was then that, in his dogged tenac- if even those walls might have ears to be shred of a theory to hold to, that he had prudence. resorted to the peculiar expedient of "feeling it in his bones." Sergeant Von was a well-built man, wiry and tough, and he of very high standing in Brooklyn, to whom was not one likely to quail before any hard- the swindler, or band of swindlers, had ship or personal danger.

The very sharpest part of the fellow's guarded, delicate way. Fortunately he transactions," said the inspector, "is his was an honest man; he was naturally at trick for throwing discredit on his victims.

There is always a shady side to the affair, and they are afraid to complain to the what were his right in the matter and the merits of the whole thing; we had had dealings together before, and he came to police; they prefer to pocket their losses rather than run the risk of ruining other most important interests by having it made | see me about it."

"Bah!" exclaimed Sergeant Von, in the "Bah!" exclaimed Sergeant Von, in the now. I guess you've got some clue out of most scornful tone, "I've got no patience this, inspector? Don't say you haven't."

with such parties." To his way of thinking no personal interests whatever ought to be allowed to inter-fere with the prerogatives of justice and the

"It's only in the most roundabout way, therefore, and under pledge of secrecy, that

we come to hear of it. If it were not for that I'd guarantee to put my hand on this dangerous enemy of society in short order." Trust you for that, inspector," said Von. ducking respectfully.
"The individuals defrauded are without

exception among the most esteemed and wealthiest citizens of the places where they "We laid a trap for the bold belong. They do not inform the local police at all, but one and then another of them gets the idea that so clever a swindler could only be invented in a great city like New York, and he comes and puts the facts in my hands. The cases must have extended over two years. There is no telling even whether we have got all of them, and the probabilities are that we have not by any means. I tell you there is an original rascal in the field, one perhaps superior to any we

"That's so, that's so; it's a bad business." 'He is either some one of uncommon talent who has fallen from high places and the would taken to crime for the first time-which is made off." not at all likely—or he is a professional new to us. To my mind there is a sort of foreign knave who has learned the villainy of all the principal cities of the world, and brought right here in the hall of this building.

it over here to give us a taste of it." "Oh, the Americans is the smartest; that's well known," exclaimed Von reproachfully, as if wounded in his patriotic feelings, even bureau upstairs, and asked for a recom-on this score. Von himself was of German mendation. It seems the party had known on this score. Von himself was of German parentage, and his full name was vaguely believed to be-in the office, where it was This is but a slight matter, it is true, and

Von was about to take "a day off," he suddenly appeared again. The early summer, prematurely intruding into the reign of uses, and all the great city was sweltering. The sergeant, worn down with many labors, for even the good detective is but mortal, was meditating his excursion on the morning of the day itself, not having yet fully made up his mind in what direction he should bend his steps. All at once, near the point where the broad stretch of Sec-ond avenue, aristocratic in its day but now dilapidated, takes its origin, at Houston street, he saw Maxon sauntering along on

the opposite side of the way.

The Englishman was handsomely dressed Von had never before seen him present so prosperous an appearance, and there was duite an aggravating discovered and aggravating evidently cropped out in liberal supply now that it was at last given an opportunity to

"Aha!" soliloquized Sergeant Von. Needless to say that he took no "day off"

But what was Maxon doing there? He I know who is capable of doing that class of the swindling line? You don't consider went through a series of eccentric move-him better than the Americans," returned ments, strolled near the police station, on work."

"What I mean is that this was a smarter man, one of a higher grade of intelligence and of superior education." said the inspec-At night Sergeant Von traced him to hand-

some lodgings on the west side of the city. "These innocent-seeming individuals are "Oho!" murmured Von again, rapidly warming to his work, "pretence of poverty abandoned, eh? He thinks it safe at last? Well it was high time."

All this was reported at headquarters, and Inspector Byrnes found the lead even more interesting than he had expected. A little later Sergeant Von saw Maxon leaving the house with a stylishly-dressed woman. She was still young, though somewhat faded and older than Maxon, and retained traces of no small intelligence and good looks.
"A familiar face, a familiar face; where have I seen that face before, and very lately

too? Wh-st!" with a low whistle, "Joseph Josephine Cadour was an enterprising adventuress of rather attractive appearance, who had been detected shortly before in the attempt to smuggle a valuable lot of feminine apparel through the custom house, and it so happened that Von had been present at a part of her examination. All of her goods had been taken from her, pending trial; it was believed that she had been engaged in similar business not a little before, and what was known of her was more

than questionable. She was just the sort of person to be probably offiliated with a clever

The intimacy with Josephine Cadour gave happen sometimes; they can't be helped. Von most sanguine hopes. These hopes were aroused to the utmost when the couple left their first lodging and took another together. He threw an assistant into this new place of abode, and found that they gave themselves out as man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Maxon. While he was still watch-"He had been knocking about in the West, ing-for in the thickest blockade there is "You are right, he had been in the West,

place had even been once or twice at his for Maxon he had now turned over to the opposite extreme; he believed him one of house. Tunbridge has a daughter married the cleverest of rogues. He quoted the inspector's own words to his chief, adopting them himself with even greater positiveness: "These innocent-seeming parties are very often the worst." In short he believed Maxon was not only an accessory but the "Oh, Tunbridge is well known. But to principal in the whole matter.

Inspector Byrnes did not share these sanguine convictions. There is a delicate sense about striking crimes which might be compared to the bouquet of wines to the palate of the connoisseur. He still had his sense of the foreign touch in this one. He felt that some new and extraordinary hand was at work; such masterly skill, coolness and persevering audacity did not belong to any "Right he was; Maxon wasn't worth the one they had as yet seen. He had no doubt of the final upshot of this combat in the dark, and felt a quiet confidence that the dangerous enemy of his fellow-men would yet be brought to bay, and when that day came a long category of other crimes also would be traced to his was, in fact, a mere nonentity. Such was

door. But at present the outlook was dark "I'll arrest him at once. inspector," responded Von, piqued to extra energy by his and baffling even to his professional pride. So clever at disguise was the main actor in the drama that there could not be said to remain any clue to him; he had appeared and disappeared in each case under a totally different aspect. He instructed Von to set forth on his pursuit, therefore, without atcaution about, as if even the walls of that taching more than a moderate importance to this venture.

But Sergeant Von soon managed to increase his sense of its importance. He sent back enthusiastic reports; he was always on the very point of seizing the key to the whole obscure situation.

The couple were certainly acting most strangely. They went to Baltimore, Charleston and one or two more of the places where the frauds had been committed, then to Lexington. Ky. Near there they joined a circle of English colonists, younger sons of good families and the like, who under pretence of learning agriculture and farming in the country roundabout were leading a very lively existence. Maxon made some pretence of going into the same business, and his alleged wife, the only woman in the party, was the presiding genius of several convivial celebrations very like orgies.

The pursuer saw enough to understand they were not a thoroughly well-assorted pair. He was often beside them when they bought their tickets for a new station; he travelled many a day behind them in the forward seat of the next car, where he could look through the glass at them without himself being remarked. They quarrelled bitterly at times, and it seemed to be the man who addressed the most reproaches to the woman. At Cincinnati he struck her: Von had taken a room across the way, where with an excellent opera glass he saw it distinctly. But next day she wheedled and coaxed him, and they went on apparently on better terms than ever. At Chicago Sergeant Von fell in with a former acquaintance of Maxon's, who professed to know that Maxon was

his right name, and that the woman, Josephine Cadour, was really his wife. "He told me once." said this informant. "that he had taken a new name on coming to this country, but could not remember to answer when called by it, and so on account of the trouble it made him had resumed his

Von, and his hands fell by his side, limp "And what do you know about his his-"There is every reason to think the gentle-' demanded Sergeant Von. tory? man was shadowed in his visit to my office; the would-be robbers took the alarm and

"All I know is mere hearsay which I got from some Canadians, and it may be true or may not. He is the son of a rich brewer in Warwickshire. He stole £2000 from his father, married a black-eyed barmaid of the place, and ran away to America. He says another man, who had put him up to it, got a good share of the money. He soon dashed out the rest of it, and the barmaid, who had no use for him then, soon left him."

This account, if true, but confirmed the

bad character of Maxon. The description of the black eyed barmaid corresponded to Continued on the Third Page.



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. I know who she is!" she cried, when

She clasped him in her arms with a cry of "Heaven has sent you to me! My precious me! you shall be my child hence orth!"
But Weasel preferred his former excitement to any other emotion; and wriggling from her embrace, said glibly:
"I followed him bome that night, an' yesterday I seed him go to the house, an' I seed the 'oman what he was going to marry."
"You can show me the house?" oried Margery, with a sudden determination.

Yes, ma'am, I can go that."
"Good!" she said, decisively, and, giving

"Good!" she said, decisively, and giving m a crumpled bit of paper, she added the "Take this and go out upon the street; when you see me come out start and I will follow you. When you get in front of the house drop the paper and keep on—do you undostand?"

derstand."
My name is Weasel, ma'am."
'You are a bright child. I want you to
me here tomorrow morning and see me;

"I'll do that ma'am."
"Don't fail! I may be gone, after that time."
"I'll come, ma'am!" said the boy, firmly;
and a moment later he was hurrying to the

and a moment later he was hurrying to the street.

"So" said Margery Graham alone in her chamber; "Mr. Crab has a claim on my handsome cousin! and I have not remained for naught in London! He would marry—would he? I will see about that; I will make a brief call on his intended!"

Her face was a little pale from her past excitement, but she was perfectly calm now, and, to indge from her set lips, the merciless glitter of her dark eyes, the deliberation with which she donned her outer garments, it was but the perfect calmness which precedes the most violent of storms. Tying a veil across her face, she descended to the street; and Weasel started at once from his position on the corner.

The rapid pace at which she followed him, kept him almost on a run; and for half an hour she scarcely moved her gaze from the ragged child, hurrying on a hundred yards before her. At the end of that time she found herself in St. James' square.

"Turning suddenly into one of the side

ing—for in the thickest blockade there is always some swift vessel that will make its way through the cordon—they decamped, leaving numerous large, empty trunks behind them.

Sergeant Von made his excited report to the inspector: the pair left the city, and by following them the whole mystery would be unravelled. From his early contempt for Mayor, he had now iturned over to the Carven door, she read the name—"L. Ray."

Without a moment's hesitation she as

Margery's voice quavered a little, when

Margery's voice quavered a little, when she asked:

"Is Miss Ray at home?"

"No, ma'am: she is riding with her father," answered the girl.

"Do you know if they will return soon?"

"I think so; it is nearly time for dinner. Will you wait?"

Without hesitation Margery entered the house and was shown into a sumptuous reception-room. She had not crossed the threshold before she repented her hasty action. What should she say? what had she to offer? The thought of her coming embarrassment sent a chill to her heart; these people would deem her mad.

The servant, a young girl of perhaps 18, was about to leave the room.

"Stay," said Margery; and lifting her veil, she beckoned the girl to her side.

The maid, struck with astonishment, readily obeyed.

"How many servants are there here?"

ence.
"I come with bad news, sir," she said, handing him a letter, and making a very

envelope.

"Yes, if you please, sir. Mary, your servant, was taken ill this afternoon, and will be unable to leave home for a week. It was very sudden, sir, and I bring that letter for a favor that I may fill her place till she is well."

class.
"Not so bad as it might be, is it?" he

lating to her the circumstances, bade her take the present care of—
"What may I call you?" he asked, with habitual politeness,
"Maggie, sir, if you please."
He watched her as she followed the cook from the room; then, turning to his papers, forgot that she was in the house.
But there was a smile of exultation on the face of Murgery Graham as she walked like a queen through the sumptuous hall.
Before bedtime she had learned from the cook all the dutes required of her, and, at the same time, had wormed her way well into that cake-and-pastry-maker's best nature.

the word. He was polished in manner, a versatile talker, and one who could adapt himself to almost any class. He spent movey lavishly, was regarded of sterling integrity, an habitue of the most fashionable clubs, and it was well known that he was the inheritor of Beechwood Manor and the supposed possessor of a handsome income. Added to all this was the gift from nature of rare personal attmetions.

marriage, and it lacked but a month The banker had been seated but a few moments, when a light step was heard on the stairs, and his daughter entered the

t."

will be but a moment," he responded. anding behind his chair, she caressed fine gray hair, her eyes fixed upon a are lying on the table. She was sewhat over 20 years of age, and while strikingly pretty, her features were reg., her complexion and eyes good, which other with a well-formed mouth and k, abundant hair, rendered her, to say least, good-looking. She was clothed in the blue morning dress, which howed say about a well-developed form, the

the part of the control of the contr

no faced Ada Ray and answered her ques

orehead.
"Do not fear, sir; it is only a faint," she aid to the banker, who stood gazing anxously on the pallid face, yet unavoidably outing the loving tenderness of Margery's touch. With a moan and a shudder Ada Kay opened her eyes and stared blankly before

er.
"Oh, that face! that face!" she cried teously, and trembled violently in Mar-ery's arms. "Heaven! why does it haunt "There, my child, there is nothing to fear," said her father, gently stroking her cold hand. "You are better now? You are better are you not?"
"Yes—yes." she gasred; "but—oh! that face again!"

door, and resolute and defiant, waved him back.

"Curses on you!" he roared: "do you dare to mix with my affairs!"

"I dare to save that young life from infamy! I dare to turn her feet from the path which mine have trod! You shall renounce her-or I swear that I will step between you!"

There, in that vile den, in the humid atmosphere of vice and crime, where the feeble rays from the sloomy lamp lighted only filthiness and squalor, this wrecked woman, fallen as low as innate nobility can fall, her hand upraised, her countenance transfigured, towered in the full grandeur of her determined purpose.

A ringing oath rolled from the man's bloodless lips.

A fining oath folied from the man's bloodless lips.

"Do you dare accuse me of crime?"

"There is but one bond to bring you two men together!" was the firm response.

"Renounce her and I am silent; go on, and I will go to her lather and denounce you!"

"Fool! you rave like madness! He would turn you from his door as he would a vagrant cur! I have not come to barter

This did not escape his daughter's observation, and she felt that, preying on het father's mind, there was something of the test of the father's mind, there was something of the belt. To admit her lover.

R chard Haggard. Dright and loyous stee that she answered in person the ring of the belt. To admit her lover.

R chard Haggard. Dright and cigerful, was cordially greeted by both; yet, despite their efforts to conceal it, he fest the oppressiveness upon them, as the evening progressed.

As the hour drew near for him to take his seave. Ada, turning to her father, requested his seave. Ada, turning to her father, requested his seave, Ada, turning to her father, requested his seave. Ada, turning to her father, requested his seave, and the seave has a season of the his seave and the seave has a season of the his seave. Ada, turning to her father, requested his seave, and his direction, received in silence the banker's order, and assigning the father of the his season of the highest fell full on a face marble in its whiteness, ice in its passionless calm, her dark glittering eyes were fixed on the form of the dreamy player.

As the tray founded with a first the morning the season has she were fixed on the form of the dreamy player.

As the tray founded with a first the morning the first of the first of

CHAPTER XIX.

Together with tremendous energy and will, kichard Haggard was possessed of an invincible nerve: but, had the gliest of kichary Blackmore, pale and story, suddenly arisen through the floor, no would any flavour bear more actually and the floor. As well as merches averager before him. To his intense amazes well get my own.

When more before him and the gliest of kichary before him, and word he could have framed in mind, would, if uttered, have betrayed him; and yet, in that one, speechless moment, when his town his vivid mind discerned, as by a fash of light across a mininght sky, the one avenue of safety before him.

His face turned pale as death, then flushed a trifle; his eyes did not waver from her fixed gaze; the general expression of intense amazement at the man, with the mind discerned, as by a fash of light across a mininght sky, the one avenue of safety before him.

His face turned pale as death, then flushed a trifle; his eyes did not waver from her fixed gaze; the general expression of his cown non-betrayal; he was straighted the reason of his cover him and the straighted his tongue seemed glied to the roof of his mouth, his vivid mind discerned, as by a fash of light across a mininght sky, the one avenue of safety before him.

His face turned pale as death, then flushed a trifle; his eyes did not waver from her fixed gaze; the general expression of intense amazement at the man, so quitely upon able fage. She knew that a fury like his with ungovern, was at a fixed fixed the reason of his cown non-betrayal; he was stricken any word the could have framed in mind, would, if uttered, have betrayed him; and yet, in that one, speechless moment, when his torius his order to the fixed his particular to the fixed his parti

parlor?"
There was an intense, sneering bitterness in her commanding tone, and he frowned darkly when she spoke his name, but followed her into the back room. She closed the door and pointed to a chair.
"Do you expect Crab tonight?" he asked, obeying her motion with a kind of cold respect for her, the effect of a vague dread. She did not reply to his question. She stood erect, the table between them, the lamp, in a bracket upon the wall, lighting too vividly her terrible face. Her hands were clenched; her spare, angular form quivered with the intensity of her feeling; her words came from her lips in a sibillant tone of suppressed vehemence.

"Duke Pringle, his name is! he's an escaped life convict for forgery, and possibly guilty of worse crimes! Do you know the man for whom you ask?"
"If you address me thus, and expect your information to confer a favor, spare yourself the trouble," he replied with stern haughtiness. "I am amply able to take care of myself."
"So was he, he thought!" she cried, intensely. "He was not always what you see now; the day has been when he wore as fine clothes as you, and walked in as high a plane."
"You seem to know him well." speered

plane."
"You seem to know him well," speered "You seem to know him well," sneered Haggard.
"I do! I know him too well! In those days it was that he won my heart, that I turned my back on a home of luxury for him I loved, that I was disowned; and I have fallen, step by step, to where you now see me! Richard Haggard, Duke Pringle is my husband!"

Appendix unprooved, he eved her with a

cried Haggard, with an oath, half rising from his chair.

She waved him back with a fearless gesture, and said sternly:

"I compare you to what he was: I compare the deed, which brought me where I am, to that with which you would blacken your own soul, and bring a fate like to mine on an innocent, trusting girl!"

With a horrible oath, Richard Haggard sprang to his feet and would have left the room; but Flesh Mag sprang before the door, and resolute and defiant, waved him back.

mercy there.
"Duke! Duke!" she gasped, struggling hard, "I am your wife! I."
"Swear it!"

"Duke! Duke! Say that he shall not wed her!"

His seared, scarred face was uplifted, wet with heaven's drops, the first in years upon the arid desert of his life; his brawny fist was raised on high; his voice rolled forth, grand in its very agony of joy:

"Wed hef! No! by God! Not if I live!"

The one spot where God still remained, deep down in the very heart of this weak and erring heart, was reached at last, and Duke Pringle wept over his past life.

Flash Mag rose and placed her arm about him, her own eyes dim, her own heart bleeding, as she thought of their wasted existence. A long time they sat in silence, then the man arose and placing his broad palm on the woman's shoulder, said mildly:

"Wait till I return," then waked with bowed lead and folded arms out into the night, the thousand balls of the great was

night.

As the thousand belis of the great metropolis struck the midnight hour, he was standing alone before the banker's darkened dwelling, his face turned toward its grandly gloomy elevation, whose roof covered the case being on earth for whom he would eagerly have died. He gazed unward, to where he vaguely thought that she was sleeping; up—to the dark line where the roof seemed to meet the sky, up—to the myriad of glittering stars, like blazing sapphires in the purple firmament above him, and, subdued by his own littleness, inspired by the spirit of his surroundings, uplifted by the divine touch of a sanctifying repentance, his heavy hand smote the heaving breast, his choking voice cried out to the struggling soul within: "Better now than never! God helping ma, I will be a man!" and haturned and walked away through the winter night; but the sinner who turned into Cobb Lane an hour later was one over whom there is more rejoicing in heaven than over the ninety and nine.

The woman, alone in the Rat-pit prayed for him who was gone. And she thought again of that night, long years ago, when, in hopeless despair, she gave up her child and her promise.

The outer door opened, a firm hand placed As the thousand bells of the great me

and her promise.

The outer door opened, a firm hand placed the bar in its rings, a steady step crossed the room, and Duke Pring's remeted her presence. His voice quavered a little, as his question came in a deep, doubtful tone:

"Can you forgive the past?"

She saw a new light in his regretful, pleading eyes, and took his trembling hand in her own.

She saw a new light in his regretful, pleading eyes, and took his trembling hand in her own.

"For her sake—and yours, I will try."
Richard Haggard naced his rooms that morning, his face clouded his stride angry and determined. He was ill at ease, and the desperate flash of his black eyes boded no good to any who should cross him. The sadenly arisen stumbling-blocks in the pathway to his success disturbed him; the felt, to quote the language of his menial, Crab, that he had run against a snag.

Hour after hour passed and there was no sign of Duke Pringle. He cursed him roundly, pacing angrily to and fro, nor did he spare his hated cousin; and thus was his frame of mind, when, at nearly noon. Duke came to his appointment.

There was a strange, unnatural look on the convict's face—a look which the other had never seen before. The spots and sears

days. He has no idea who I am. The man is a mystery—even to me." And Mr. Sharp shook his head as much as to say that the man who could mystify him was a good one. "Well." responded Boyden: "I have clever associate counsel, and will make as stubborn a right as possible, but I am sadly disappointed in what we have discovered." "This is all you now require of me?" "Yes I think so. You will not fail to bring Crab to time?" "Not I! He will be in my charge tonight."

"Not if he will be in my charge to-night"

By the way, do you know anything of Margery Graham?"

No. I know nothing of her."

"She may have returned home," said the

know?"
"Some day next week, I believe. It is to be a private affair, at his request."
"He seems to anticipate no danger?"
"Danger? Not a whit! I tell you, the man's a mystery," said Mr. Sharp decidedly; and taking his hat, he added, as he left the

of the Rat-pit.

Duke Pringle, his head bowed upon his preast, his legs stretched out beneath the ude table, was seated in gloomy thought. For a week there had been a severe condictions on in the convict's breast—a struggle in choosing the least of many wrongs—or at east so he considered them.

He started from his reverie, when his wife, after a secret talk with Weasel, approached the door and suddenly spoke his lame.

"Duke, something must be done, and done at once."

The man heaved a deep sigh, and answered huskily:

"Yes: you may leave it to me. Is the boy

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may lead to nothing but in the absence of anything better and battled by all the pe liar circumstances as we have been, it must be followed. Now get me Maxon." "That fellow!" muttered Sergeant Von, already beginning to frame the certitude was as the breath in his nostrils, "Who'd have thought it of him?" Now in spite of Sergeant Von's high professions of confidence, he found it by no means so easy to lay his hand upon the "wanted" man; his luck was still against Maxon had disappeared and could not be found high nor low, which gave probability, of course, to the idea that he really was involved in the plot as stated. Then, on a certain date, when Sergeant spring, had descended upon New York with that unceremonious violence it so often

PART SECOND. THE VIPER. CHAPTER XVIL—CONTINUED.

"An' the flash cove, he says, 'What do I fear her for?'

"Yes, go on' go on!"

"An' the other one wanted money, an' the flash cove said as how when he was married—"

per; "oh, God! I see a light through the darkness!"
Weasel continued, and vividly described all that had taken blace that night in the back room of the Ratpit. Margery Graham, with madly throbbing heart and quivering nerves, heard and was filled with a newly born hope.

the boy had finished.

'If you likes, ma'am, I can show you where she lives." cried the child, exultantly, and but little less excited than her-

ended the steps and rang the bell. The tummons was answered by an intelligent oking maid, in a linen aproir and white

'How many servants are there here?'

"How many servants are there here?"
Margery asked.
"Two, ma'am: myself and the cook."
"Do you do the work about the house?"
"Yes, ma'am, there are only Mr. Ray and his daughter."
"Sit down here: I wish to talk to you."
The astonished girl d d as she was bidden, and Margery Graham poured questions on her, thick and fast. She spent some 10 minutes with the girl, in an animated but whispered conversation, and at the end of that time she rose and hurriedly left the house.

house.
As a result of all this, Mr. Lionel Ray was, on the next evening, interrupted in the perusal of his paper by a request that he might be seen, and Margery Graham, very plainly dressed, was shown into his pres-

modest obelsance.

The banker started at the sound of her rich, eloquent voice and motioned her to a seat; but she remained standing.

"Bad news," he muttered, breaking the envelope

well."
The banker flushed a trifle as he politely istened, looking upon the striking beauty of her he had at first thought of his own loss.

"Not so bad as it might be, is it?" he asked, smiling.
"No, sir: she will be well again in a week. I think, sir, I can give you satisfaction till then."
"You do not appear like a servant."
"I am not much accustomed to it, sir; but Mary felt so badly in being obliged to stay away, and so feared to lose her place, that I ventured to take these means to comfort her. I may make some little mistakes, but I think, sir, you will have no fault to find with my general work." Andishe flashed upon him one of those bewildering looks, so fascinating that he at once gave consent to her filling the yacant position for the week. er filling the vacant position for the week.
After several inquiries recarding his ser-ent's illness, he rang for the cook, and, re-ting to her the circumstances, bade her

ess.
Margery did her work for the day, and
woided, as far as lay in her power the
voided, as far as lay in her power the
they
iet, it was a most respectful servant only

met. It was a most respectful servant only who faced Ada Ray and answered her questions.

Evening came at last, and the banker was seated in his drawing-room with his papers. His daughter, standing by the heavily draped window, was looking out upon the street, and watching for him who was soon to come.

There was a strangely depressing feeling about her heart, a feeling she could not explain; it was like the presentiment of impending evil, misfortune about to come. The dark, fathomless eyes of the new servant were constantly before her; but, while wishing her out of the house, she was too kind-hearted and tender to willingly do her a wrong by unjust dismissal. Besides, at times she had seen in Margery's face a look so kindly and sad that she had felt half inclined to ask her confidence, forgetting her humble position; yet, try as she would she could not banish the terrible weight that seemed to oppress her.

Suddenly a piercing scream of terror rang from her lips. The banker sprang to his fect, only to catch her tottering form as, with hands clasped over her eyes, she reeled backward from the window.

"Ada! Ada! my child!" he cried in accents of terror, and placing the lifeless girl on a sofa at hand called loudly for help.

When Margery entered the room he was on his knees chafing the bloodless hands. She hurriedly brought water, and tenderly raising to her bosom the girl's drooping head, bathed back the dark hair from her forehead.

"Do not fear, sir; it is only a faint," she

what may I call you?" he asked, with habitual politeness.
"Maggie, sir, if you please."
He watched her as she followed the cook from the room: then, turning to his papers, forgot that she was in the house.
But there was a smile of exultation en the face of Margery Grahm as she walked like a queen through the sumptuous hall.
Before bedtime she had learned from the cook all the dutes required of her, and, at the same time, had wormed her way well into that cake-and-pastry-maker's best nature.
That night, the first in many, she slept sound and well—beneath the same roof with Richard Haggard's affianced wife.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.
About nine o'clock the next morning, Mr. Ray came down from his chamber, and tak. In gh is letters left by the early post, entered the ibrary to await his daughter and his to breakfast. He was about fifty years of age, of portly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his do nortly figure and aristocratic appearance; was well known on 'change, where his and your ge

placed the partly emptied glass upon the tray.

Richard Haggard waited for the words he felt must come, his heart frozen in his bosom under the terrible strain; but Margery Granam, without one sign of recognition, with face as white and passionless as when she had entered, turned on her heel and silently swept from the room.

It all had taken but a moment, and the banker alone had noted the change of Richard Haggard's color, but he gave no signs of having perceived it.

With wonderful self-possession, his voice unmoved by emotion, Mr. Haggard remarked:

"Are you not well this evening, Ada?"

see me! Kichard Haggard, Duke Pringle is my husband!"
Apparently unmoved, he eyed her with a dark, sinister look, and said coldly:
"What is all that to me?"
"Much!" the woman answered, fiercely.
"Born and bred in luxury, you cainot know what 'its to sink to this, cannot see the years of suffering, the bitterness of poverty, the anguish of hungry days and sleepless nights—sleepless from remorse! I could not foretell my fate when I wedded a man like him—an outcast by crime! Richard Haggard, there is a tie binding you two men together; there can be but one tie to cause such wide extremes to meet—the tie of a crime!"

quivering with rage as he strode toward the convict.

"Ave, wrong!" was the cool response. "You know my wife's fate! And the words she spoke last night were true words; you will never marry that gir!!"

"You cur! Do you dare?"

His iron arm shot out, and he seized the convict by the throat, taking coat and shirt in his vise-like grip, his face purple his muscles like steel, as he held him, arm's-length, before him.

Duke Pringle braced himself for a struggle, and said sternly:

"Aye! I do dare! I will not buy that girl's ruin, as I bought my wuje's! Let go your hand!"

There was a moment of oppressive silence, broken only by Richard Haggard's beavy breathing; and the two men syed each other in the bitterest opposition. Haggard was the first to speak, and his words came slowly, but intensely, through his set teeth, his hand closed more fiercely on the convict's brawny throat.

"Be it as you say! we part for good! But

"Possibly."
"I rather think her stay in London amounted to nothing."
"I expected that," replied the detective,

office:
"You will not see me again until you see
me in the court room."
As this scene occurred at Gray's Inn. the
following was in progress in the back room
of the Rat-pit.

bluntly.
When is Haggard to be married, do you

child's blue eyes; "you will be sure to do what I tell you?"
"Yes, I'll be sure to do that," said the boy, firmly.
"Take both of these letters, and go to his house; if he is there, give him both of them. Do you understand?"

Again the veiled head was bowed in silence.

"And you will do it?"
The reply came coldly muffled from behind the veil;
"Why should 1?"
"She is not the woman for such as he."
"How do I know that?"
There was a long pause, when Duke
Pringle deathly pale, asked:
"What will induce you to interfere?"
"The proof that it is my duty to do so?"
"Will nothing else?"
"Most assuredly—no!"

"Will nothing else"
"Most assuredly—no!"
"He wants her money only!"
"He loves her!"
There was a vengeful exultation in the one, so intensely bitter that the convict there was a vengent extraction that the convict shuddered.

For the first time the woman questioned him.

"There is some reason why he should not marry her? What is it?"

"I cannot tell you!" he cried, clenching his hands in a kind of grim despair.

"You are restrained by a feeling of honor?"

He wade no reply, save to bow his head.

"The banker read it through from date to signature. His eyes were dimmed by tears ere he finished; he thought of the wronged girl sleeping peacefully in the chamber above him.

He made no reply, save to bow his head, but her next words, spoken in a low, eloquent tone, set him trembling in his chair.

"Is it more honorable to sacrifice an innocent hife than one upon which the guilt "Yes, but head?" Let me see your face!" he cried impetu-

"There is no need of that. I am a friend to that girl, else I had not been where I was."
God bless you for that," said the convict, fervently. "If you are her friend, save her e would see but enmity in that-I

By such means be could have given me to justice. I will, if need be, go back to my prison cell and meet the justice to which I

Duke Pringle, turning to the veiled woman, said sadly:

"You see, I did not have long to wait. These bloodhounds have sharp fangs." He rose and took the hand of his weeping wife. "Mag, we part this time for good. I have seen you—and her! I shall never again make an effort to secure my liberty. Goodby, my wife: may God bless and keep you! And as for you, lady, you need not tell me who you are—I know. Only say that you forgive the wrong I did you."

She could not speak; she gave him her hand.

turned to the table and rapidly indited a duplicate.

Weavel," and he gazed deep into the child's blue eyes, "you will be sure to do what I tell you?"

"Yes, I'll be sure to do that," said the boy, firmly.

"Take both of these letters, and go to his house; if he is there, give him both of them. Do you understand?"

tive left Margery Graham at the door of the banker, bowse, and hurried away in search do find that worthy gentleman was not at his lodgings, nor had he been since the day before. A visit to his club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts, next followed, but he was not to be found, and Mr. Sharp well on towards morning to the hand within his own; but an icy club, also to several of his nightly resorts.

The pow poulded.

that possessed him, the apprehension of a terrible loss and a great grief; and feeling a keen pang of pity for this lonely gentleman, who concealed his quaking heart behind a mask of reserve and dignity, she replied in a low, eloquent tone of compassion:

"What is he to me? What, but for me, he might have become to you—a relative, for whom you would blush and hide your head." "Is he not what he appears?" the banker asked, fearfully, and thinking of his daugh-

"Far from it."
"Will you explain yourself?"
"It is to do that that I am here. How long has he been betrothed to your daughter?"
"For over two years. You are not his wife?"
"God forbid!" raid Margare.

hamber above him.
"Blackmore!" he said. huskily. "Margery

lackmore!
"He has signed a contract to marry her!"
"Yes, but he knew that she would never onesent to marry him!"
"His uncle's name was Blackmore; this just have been his daughter. Who are am Rodney Blackmore's only child.

am Kodney Blackmore's only child, who refused to sign that paper on which Richard Haggard had placed his hated name, and whom that knave saw disowned through his perfidy."

"My God! my poor child!"

"It is to save her from him that I am here," said Margery, warmly, and bending towards the grieving man."

started to place it in the hand of the stranger, but thrice drew back, to pace the gloomy rooms in thoughtful silence. At length he turned to her and said, in broken, wavering tonest

"You will be a friend to her in this—and in years to come? I know you, and I know what your love means. You will love herwill you promise me that? And some time, long years from now, when the blow cannot fall on him who has been a father to her, when we are both laid away and forcotten—you will teil her, then, of two for whom she may have some respect to whom she may give one tender thought. You will do this?"

The voice was choked and tremulous, that answered his piteous appeal.

"God help you, yes! You are more a man than I had thought."

The made no response, but laying the paper on the table before her, he sank into his chair and bowed his head upon his arms.

With bosom heaving beneath the folds of her veil, the woman read what the man had written. Quivering with emotion, she leaned towards him and said kindly:

"Go-l could not have the heart to stop you! This is enough. Go—ere it be too late."

Duke Pringte, lifting his tearful eyes, said saidy:

"No! I do not buy freedom with that. By such means he could have given me to justice. I will, if need be, go back to my prrson cell and meet the justice to which I

come.
"I, also, have need of one in whom I can place this trust; I will trust you."
"I will never betray it!" she murmurred, clasping his hand in both her own. "You will not go?"
"No; I do not buy freedom with that!"
There were tears flooding the eyes behind the veil as they rested on the bowed form of the penitent convict. She extended her ungloved hand, and said warmly:
"God pity you—as I do. I will be all to your child that you can wish!"
In trying to thank her. Duke Pringle broke down and wept aloud.
"You can't go in there!"
It was the voice of Weasel, ringing shrilly in the outer room.
The door opened, however, and Mr. Sharp stood on the threshold.
"Duke Pringle! in the queen's name, I arrest you!" And he strode into the room, laying his hand on the man's shoulder,
"For what!" The wet eyes were uplifted as he asked the question.
"You are an escated convict—and upon suspicion of murder," said the detective, sternly.
Duke Pringle, turning to the veiled woman, said sadly:

"I will never betray it!" she murmurred, clasping his hand in both her own.
"Twenty years ago this winter." the banker began. "I was startled one night, as last in this very room, by a sharp ring, of the bell. It was late, and the servants having retired, I answered the summons myself. At the door I found a woman, of something like 25 years of age, who begged a brief conversation with me, and I invited her into this room. I listened patiently to a pitiful story of her being driven from home, and some wrong by which she had been deprived of her husband; but what was my surprise—for I imagined she had called for monetary aid only—to hear from her lips the astounding proposition, that I should adopt the child she bore in her arms. At first I would not hear of such a thing, but she pleaded so earnestly that I finally consented to look at the child. She threw off its wraps—Miss Blackmore, my daughter is a beautiful woman; she appeared angelic that night, as she lay in that wonan's

"New All be sure to do thate," said the boys, since the control of the electron and co to him because if he is thorse give him both of the better and co to him both of the property of the control of th

A woman of most sensitive organization,

A woman of most sensitive organization, capable of a great love or a great hate, suscipient of most intensive emotions; a woman of invincible will, who, if wronged, would never swerve from the path to her revenge, yet never shrinking from a sacrifice felt to be a duty; a tender, a hectionate friend, a bitter, relentless foe; a woman knowing no fear, robbed of a father, driven from a home, deprived of a husband, and, but for her own indomitable courage and determination, felt to have been levelled in the dust—such a woman was Richard Haggard destined to meet that day, when he threw himself from his saddle and ascended tife steps to Lonel Ray's dwelling. For two months she had endured the torture of uncertainty and dread, for two years she had nursed the canker rankling at her heart. What wonder she felt a wild thrill of triumph, rejoicing that the day of vengeance was at hand.

No word had passed between them since the day she had given him warning at Beechwood Manor, and he had laughed that warning to scorn.

No fear found place in her heart as she

No fear found place in her heart as she waited alone in the sombre and silent man-sion-waited for bim who had done her

h terrible wrong, he bell rang, and she swept down the The bell rang, and she swept down the hall to admit him.

He started and frowned when he saw her; he had hoped, and almost believed, that at this late hour, so near to the trial, she had returned and joined her husband.

"You viper!" he hissed in her ear, as he entered; "you are still here! Beware when I strike!"

She stared at him, coldly, intently.

Richard Haggard had placed his hated name, and whom that knave saw disowned through his perfidy."

"My God! my poor child!"

"It is to save her from him that I am here," said Margery, warmly, and bending towards the grieving man.

"There are other charges against Richard Haggard to which this is not an iota; I do not wish to speak of them if this be sufficient to avert the marriage."

"It is! it is! a thousand times over. As for my daughter—" he stopped abruptly and azed into her eyes, as if to read her very soul.

She felt what was in his mind, and drawing closer to him, said feelingly:

Sir, in me you have seen a cold, pittless, relentiess woman bounding to his doom a man who has bitterly wronged her. Sir, this is not my nature—I am impelled by an invincible desire for justice! and justice! I will have. Mr. Ray, there is one more duty in the library door at Beechwood Manor, asserting her right and awaiting a facts, such a chill of vague apprehension he turned like a flash towards her.

There was no one there.

The light of midday was excluded by the heavy drawn curtains; the fire was dead in the grate; the chilled room had a somore and silent appearance, which strangely brought to his mind that death-chamber at Beechwood Manor. He heard no sound heart and the faint, silken rustle of a woman's dress as she came to the door. With a chill of vague apprehension he turned like a flash towards her.

There was no one there.

The light of midday was excluded by the heavy drawn curtains; the fire was dead in the grate; the chilled room had a somore and silent appearance, which strangely brought to his mind that death-chamber at Beechwood Manor. He heard no sound salent appearance which strangely brought to his mind that death-chamber at Beechwood Manor. He heard no sound salent appearance which strangely brought to his mind that death-chamber at Beechwood Manor. He heard no set of the heavy drawn curtains; the fire was dead in the grate; the chilled room had a somore and silent appearance, which strangely brought to h

stand in the library door at Beechwood Manor, asserting her right and awaiting a father's curse.

Her hands fiercely clenched, her dark eyes glittered, as a ray of light reflected from polished steel; she stood stient, motionless in the dim, subdued light.

The color fled from the man's flushed face, leaving it as pale as her own.

"Where is your mistress?" he said, with a scornful sneer.

She did not sneak, but raising her hand pointed at two letters lying on the mantel. He seized them with a cry, and gazed at the superscriptions. Seeing that one was from Duke Pringle, he hastily thrust it into an ins de pocket, and glanced at her with an apprehension that she knew from whom it had come. Upon the other he recognized the seal and read these words:

Richard Haggard—We leave London today. For

Richard Haggard—We leave London today. For tet my daughter, as she will most assuredly forge you. His face became livid; he staggered as one struck by a blow; his broad shoulders touched the marble mantel behind him; has eyes fell upon her, who stood like a Nemesis, framed in the open door.

"You did not come in time to say—fare-well!"

"You did not come in time to say—farewell!"
Her words, hissed in a chilling tone, cut like a knife to his heart. With a mad cry of rage he strang towards her; but she waved him back with a superb gesture of command.

"I warned you to beware my vengeance! As you turned me from the door o, my hopes, I turn you from yours. There was one hope left for me—there is none for you!"

The letter he held was crushed m a mighty grasp; he raised his heavy whip, and with flaming eyes strode towards her.

"Stop! else I summon aid!"

"Aid!" he echoed furiously; "even then I will kill you!"
She stepped backwards into the hall, and he paused, a volley of curses breaking from his lips.

"I delight to hear you curse me, for then I know you hate me as bitterly as I detest

accomplish this?" he roared, his powerful frame shaking with the intensity of his

He went for a doctor, and the arm was set, "You cannot now go to Guilford," Mr. Sharp said, regretfully, after the operation

And she was.
Early the following morning she and Mr.
Sharp took the train from London together.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRIAL OF GEOFFREY GRAHAM.

London.

And now the judges were announced.

The great assembly rose with a bustle and str as they entered, clad in their scarlet and ermine, and took their seats. The assembly relapsed, and the prisoner was led into court. sembly relapsed, and the prisoner was led into court.
Geoffrey Graham showed severely the terrible wear of the past two mouths. His usually ruddy face was pale and wasted; his eyes had that deeply despondent look brought on by vain waiting and hope deferred; he moved heavily, with only a glance at the witnesses as he took his stand at the bar. He paled, if possible, a trifle more when he saw no sign of his wife.

A murmur of pity ran through the room when he took his position.
Silence having been obtained, the names of the jurors were called, and they were accepted without objection. They were immediately sworn, and, the prisoner being arraigned, the indictment charged against him, virulent enough in its terms, was read. In a loud voice the clerk of arraigns now put the usual question:
"How say you Geoffrey Graham are you."

In a loud voice the clerk of arraigns now ut the usual question:
"How say you, Geoffrey Graham, are you uilty of this felony, or not guilty?"
The prisoner raised his head, and in a louded but firm voice replied:
"Not guilty!"

Not guilty!"

A slight sensation, a murmur of applause, instantly suppressed, was heard, and the counsel for the crown arose and opened the case in the cold, formal way of one who feels that the evidence at hand is all-sufficient for conviction. Omitting no jot or tittle of fact weighing against the accused, he stated in a clear and concise manner the he stated in a clear and concise manner the evidence brought out at the inquest which he had conducted, and when his overwhelming statement, taking nearly an hour for its delivery, was finished nearly everybody looked upon the prisoner as a dead

about the door of the court room, and Richard Haggard entered; he was allowed a seat about the door of the court room, and Richard Haggard entered; he was allowed a seat belore the bench, in company with the prosecuting attorney. He appeared at ease, and bestowed on those whom he saw and recognized a slight nod of acquaintance. As he looked coldly on the prisoner, Geoffrey Graham's face darkened perceptibly.

Without going into a detail of the trial, much of the evidence in which the reader is already familiar, the most important facts, resulting from the cross-examination by the defence, will be indicated.

The prosecution first called the attending physician, whose testimony was heard and unquestioned. Mrs. Crooks then followed, and testified as at the inquest.

Hereupon, Humphrey Boyden rose and spoke for the defence. He carefully traced the actions of the accused on the night of the murder, from the time he had left the Appleton Arms.

"We admit." he concluded, "that the prisoner was at Beechwood Manor; that he approached the library window and looked into the room; that finding the rear window unfastened he entered the house. But we shall also show you that these actions took place prior to his seeing the servant at the door,"

He turned to Mrs. Crooks.

the door,"
He turned to Mrs. Crooks.
"You called on Mrs. Graham; did you observe if her clock, in which the money was found, was in action?"
"It were" replied the witness. "I stayed there just half an hour."
"And left at exactly 8?"
"I did"

"You cannot swear that he was not dead?"
"Law! no!" ejaculated Mrs. Crooks, very
nuch confused by the lawyer's brusqueess.
"You are positive you latched his! door?" "I am; and it were so when I got up."
"That will do," said Boyden, abruptly, and, turning to the jury, he said, impress-

The bones snapped under the terrible blow; he had fractured her arm.

She staggered a little. but made no cry; only, as the injured member dropped to her shudder through his whole frame, while the merciless voice that pierced his ears no pen an describe.

The blow I strike you will be harder than that!" but the man was invucisible in his mad frenzy.

"You viper!" he cried fiercely, "vou are but half served! I will yet sweep you from my path: I will yet win my bride, in spite of your accursed scheme: I will yet were you from my path: I will yet win my bride, in spite of your accursed scheme: I will yet win my bride, in spite of your accursed scheme: I will yet win my bride, in spite of your accursed scheme: I will yet win my bride, in spite of your husband on the gallows—nor will I leave a stone unturned to bring him there!"

The blood had rushed to his head; his face was flushed and swollen; he-strode furnously down the steps and threw himself into his saddle.

What wonder that, as he rode madly out of London, his brain crazed by the tumuit of his thoughts, he should not once think of the letter he had thrust into his pocket.

What is fate that the contents of neitherlof Duke Pringle's letters should reach Richard Haggard's eyes?

Mr. Sharp joined Margery Graham within a minute of the time her cousin left her; she told him all that had happened.

"The cowardly knave!" cried the indignant detective.

He wentfor a doctor, and the arm was set.

"You cannot now go to trillford." Mr.

The wentfor a doctor, and the arm was set.

"You cannot now go to trillford." Mr.

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tioned."
There was another murmur of surprise. Richard Haggard saw too late the net into which he had been drawn; he quailed a little and turned pale, feeling that suspicious eyes were being cast in his direction.
"They may have seen old prints!" quickly interposed the prosecution.
Boyden smiled.

interposed the prosecution.

Boyden smiled.

"The learned counsel has laid stress upon the non-obliteration of the print of my client's feet by the storms at that time; his argument has surely lost none of its waight." weight."
"What do you mean to infer?" cried Haggard, suddenly, his eyes flashing angrily, his hands fiercely clenched. nis hands hercely clenched.
"I am here to ask questions, not to answer them!" replied the lawyer, sternly.
The witness' face was livid with suppressed rage: he dragged his collar down from his throat, as if he found it difficult to breaths.

The ateful day of the trial had arrived at last. It was fraught with great excitement, and the court room was crowded by a public morbidly curious to get a peep at the blood hirsty assassin who could, in cold blood, murder the sleeping father of its wife. All the seats about and below the bench were taken, and the gallery was crowded with citzens and their wives.

In the place set apart for witnesses was computent first. Crooks, fatter, if anything, than ever. She had been one of the first to arrive, lest she should be ammed in the crowd, and the blank look of utter isolation on her otherwise expressionless counternance betrayed the feeling of terrible described in the crowd, and the blank look of utter isolation within.

Riggs, the landlord of the Appleton Arms, his hostler, Jenkins, and several others were there; but no sign of Richard Hagard, Margery Graham or the man Crab, of whom people had had so much to say, and concerning whom so many theories had been advanced by the knowing ones; it was now whispered by these latter that he had disappeared forever and could not be found; but that Richard Haggard had arrived in town late the previous night and had not since been seen.

There were the usual continuous buzzing and talk; the countless coughs and "ahems," the eager and animated conversation of the lawyers, to whom this battling, as to whether or not a human life should be sent from the world post-haste, was but an everyday cocurrence.

Humphrey Boyden's face wore an anxious, troubled look as he conversed in low tones with his assistant counsel. He watched vainly for the coming of Mr. Sharp and his expected prisoner, and marvelled much that nothing had thereabout been head of Margery Graham since she left home for London.

And now the judges were announced.

The great assembly is rose with a bustle and of Margery Graham since she left home for London.

And now the judges were announced.

The great assembly is rose with a bustle and of Margery Graham since she left home for London.

meet his gaze wa he unopened message from Duke Pringle. An insuperable fear chilled him; in spite of his from will, his hands shook as he hurriedly broke the seal; his awful fear was realized—he read

ords:

d Haggard—I have warned you! Come to the before 9 tonight and swear to renounce if at that hour I have not seen you, I will be God, place in Margery Graham's hands ff your crime! If you receive this letter 9, make good your escape, for the truth hown, as surely as you ever knew me by the first own, as surely as you ever knew me by the first own that is fate. If the finds a traveller whom he can rob, that is fate.

coward. He had played for a large stake; he had lost. He knew it, and he gave one asst thought to the girl be had really loved, one thought of regret for his past—it took ut an instant.
"Richard Haggard! take the stand

"Kichard Haggard! take the stand again!"

It was the London barrister, whose voice rang through the room so sharply.

The man addressed rose slowly to his feet. Upon his ghastly face the mark of guilt was indelibly impressed; he staggered a little in his tracks; then, with a sudden india of wilful energy, he raised himself to his full height. He threw back his head with a proud, scornful movement; his black eyes flashed with their old, fearless light; the red blood rushed in a torrent to his cheeks; he stood, the very personification of courageous manhood, in the boldness of his bravado.

"What—" the lawyer got no further.

A sharp report rang through the court room; a thin, white cloud of smoke floated above Richard Haggard! take the stand dogs.

A man with an artificial face has been attracting much attention at an English watering place. He had an artificial cheek, eve and palate, fitted by a surgeon of Bristol. He eats without the slightest difficulty and speaks distinctly.

A sharp report rang through the court room; a thin, white cloud of smoke floated above Richard Haggard! take the stand watering place. He had an artificial cheek, eve and palate, fitted by a surgeon of Bristol. He eats without the slightest difficulty and speaks distinctly.

Realism in art will have an extraordinary revelation in New York, when a lion, painted by a Boston artist, is placed in position. The owner of the picture, a notel of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the straw, and the knitting of them is very testing in the cool of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day, as the beat of the sun causes the color of the day.

"Forgive-" That was all. The life was gone. He could suffer defeat by death only; and he fell, face downward upon the floor, at Margery Graham's feet.

THINGS LEFT UNSAID.

Two extracts from Humphrey Boyden's

Following this last was:

A COPY OF DUKE PRINGLE'S CUNFESSION. Having escaped confinement, after 20 years' servitude of a life sentence, I have dared, in the hope of once more seeing my wife and child, to return to London. I arrived here, penniless, in the summer of 1857. Fate threw me in the way of Richard Haggard, and I found myself at Beechwood Manor in the capacity of a spy. Richard Haggard was there only a part of the time. On the night of my trouble with Graham at the Appleton Arms, when he "And left at exactly 6:
"Idid."
"You had no lamp when you went to the leceased's room before retiring; you did not see him plainly?"
"Only by moonlight; I think he were to take the knife in the first place I do not know; I certainly had no motive. On the night of the murder I saddled Mr. Haggard's horse, and he murder I saddled Mr. Haggard's horse, and he rode off through the park. A few minutes later, after Mrs. Crooks had left the house, I heard him returning. He dismonnted and bade me held the horse while he went to speak with his uncle. He entered the house; I heard an angry discussion going on within, and shortly after a cry for help. I rushed to the room and saw Rodney Blackmers bleeding more his hed. I placed my then dear "That will do," said Boyden, abruptly, and, turning to the jury, he said, impressively.

"A singular fact that an assassin, his hands not with blood, should maintain such extraordinary self-possession as to securely close that damaged door!"

A murmur ran through the room and Richard Haggard experienced a vague apprehension that the defence was trying to change the supposed time of the murder. A rigid cross-examination of Thomas Blank, the constable, elicited nothing in the prisoner's favor, and the case against him looked darker than ever.

Hereupon Humphrey Boyden took occasion to make a pointed statement concerning the clock in Graham's house; the prosecution having laid much stress on the obstruction having laid much stress on the obstruction having been placed therein at the very hour when the prisoner arrived home on the night of the crime. There was throughout the courtroom a breathless silence, broken only by the lawyer's deep, impressive tone, as he closed with these words:

"Mark me now! When the weight." everything in the room in a customary condition, so far as was possible, and was about to leave the house when I saw Graham approaching. I watched him; saw him go to the library window; heard him enter the kitchen; then, fearful of his coming upstairs, I made the noise which drove him from the house. When he came to the front door, I surmised what he was after. Dipping my hand into some of the clotted blood, I, when I pushed him from the steps, carefully left the marks of it upon his sleeve. I watched him till he went away; then, leaving things as usual about the house, I threw away the knife with which the murder was committed, and ran at full speed to the Appleton Arms. That night, after we had retired, Richard Haggard and I, marvelling at the wonderful colnic dence, laid our plans. I make this confession to save the life of an innecent man; and I ask no mercy for myself. It is the truth, so help me God.

DUKE PRINGLE,

Patient reader: It was several years subsequent to the occurrence of the events I have related that I visited the country place which I have called Beechwood Minnor. In the beautiful grounds and barnic true work, the renovated mansion one would hardly the renovated mansion of the line of this novel the libration of the kinch the usual manner.

A camel coach is to be tried in the usual manner.

A camel coach is to be tried in the usual manner.

A camel coach is to be tried in the us

"Yes, when she married, the banker told her of her past. Of course she feit it—but one would never recognize in the highly respectable couple who live so happily together in Geoffrey Graham's old cottage—Duke Pringle and his wife. He worships his grandchild as he did his child.

"Mrs. Crooks is still at the manor, and as fat and happy as ever.

"What can I say of myself? Ah, I am afraid you have said so much already that few will care to hear more. Do I not look happy, and ought I not to be so, with these little darlings growing up around me? Yes. I am very, very happy—when I forget the past."

Yes I am very, very happy—when I forget the past."

"But there is one whom you have not even mentioned." I hurried to remark.

"The blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little orphan who took care of the "oman as was his friend."

"Oh. Weasel!" and her voice fell to a deep, tremulous tone of ineffable tenderness.

"He is not fatherless, nor motherless, now. Here is his father." and she placed her lovely hand upon the shoulder of the sturdy, smiling sourier of Beechwood Manor; "and I am his mother, and he is the brother of these little ones you see about me. He is at Oxford now, and winning golden opinions. Ah, I love him as one of my own, the handsome, whole-souled young man whom we call Humphrey Boyden Graham!"

She leaved greenfully towards me her

Graham!"
She leaned gracefully towards me, her deep, dark, peerless eyes glittering with one touch of heaven's moisture, and said softly:
"Oh, sir! say to them that we are all very, "Oh, sir! say to them that we are all very, very happy!"

Passing clouds, whose shadows do but serve to make the sunset of our lives more beautiful, at times will darken the existence of us all.

But, as I came away, looking to the azure heavens arch.ng over Beechwood Manor, I could see no sign of cloud. [THE END.]

ODD ITEMS.

An oak tree is growing out of the branches f a China tree on Mr. Hillman's place in Greene county, Ga. The oriental gifts sent by the Sultan of Morocco to Kaiser William II. turn out to have been manfactured in Germany. have been manfactured in Germany.

A Morgantown man bought a lot of old thware at auction, for which he paid 15 cents. A coffee-pot included in the purchase contained 128 buzzard dollars.

Clarence Davis of Bordentown, Penn., while whittling a broom handle, found a lady's plain gold ring embedded in the wood. How it got there is a mystery. The "Monstuart" mansion of Lord Bute, near Rothesay, is said to have cost not less than \$8,000,000, and is believed to be the largest and costliest private palace in exist-

There is a giant rose tree in Roostoen, Holland, which has held 6000 roses at the same time. The owner, Mme. Regnen. considers it one of the great wonders of the world. An Australian, who was hanging to the beam of a bridge and realized that he must fall, made a verbal will disposing of \$50.-000 worth of property, which was sustained

A Detroit paper prints the following: It rained young goslings on the farm of Fred Hutzel of Pittsheid, recently. For further particulars write to Hutzel. This paper is not given to lying.

not given to lying.

Surgeon Parry of the East Indian medical department says that he saw the jet-black hair of a rebel Sepoy turn gray in half an hour while he was under examination and half mad with fear.

A Charleston druggist advertised that the milk of a coccanut would remove freckles, and 4000 of the nuts were sold at retail in two days to women folks. He got a commission on all sales.

the name of—

The letter fell from his grasp; his face ecame livid; his bloodless lips quivered emulously. He drew a long, shuddering eath, and his hand went absently to his ichard Haggard was a knave but and long and hagard was a knave but and long the had plant and had long the had and he must be satisfied with it.

The duck is to China what the codfish is to the rest of the world. They eat duck raw, cooked, boiled, fried, baked and every other way, and they worry over the duck crop the same as we do over wheat.

A Philadelphia restaurant man says: "As long as we keep frogs in a dark place their color is dark brown. But when we bring them into the sunlight the color soon begins to change until it finally becomes a light green."

Realism in art will have an extraordinary revelation in New York, when a lion, painted by a Boston artist, is placed in position. The owner of the picture, a hotel man, will illuminate the lion with electricity, and place it behind a row of real bars.

During a short thunder storm at Antrim. Tiega county, Penn., two or three days since, lightning broke a telephone wire, turned one end back and welded it solidly, making a loop. It is said the weld was as perfect as any expert could have made it.

A small greak at Blossburg, Penn, princed.

A small greak at Blossburg, Penn, princed.

A small greak at Blossburg, Penn, princed. perfect as any expert could have made it.

A small creek at Biossburg, Penn., ripped up the mountain side during the flood rampage, and revealed a good vein of coal and two of iron ore, one being over four feet thick, a splendid bed of fire-clay and a valuable bank of building and molding sand.

Marion Stubler, who lives near Cincinnat, when he went to clean his teeth the other night picked up a bottle filled with some kind of acid, thinking it was a tooth wash, and since then he has been going around town with a set of beautiful green teeth.

A Michigan father commanded his grown-

A Michigan father commanded his grownup daughter not to go to a picnic, but she
decided that she was old enough to be her
own boss, and she not only gamboled under
the greenwood trees, but got married and
went to housekeeping before night.—(Detroit Free Press.

At a dinner party given to the Emperor
and Empress of Germany lately the hostess,
Countess of Waldersee, formerly Miss Mary
Lee of New York, performed the difficult
feat of walking backward the whole length
of a high staircase, managing her train with of a high staircase, managing her train with great dexterity.

Big sheets of cork a little less than half

an inch thick are shown in some of the up-town New York windows. They are used in bathrooms because it is said they are pleasanter than any other material upon which to stand in one's wet bare feet directly after coming from the tub. directly after coming from the tub.

"Put a penny in and you will have a surprise." says the legend on the latest form of automatic machine. When one has been unwise enough to comply with this invitation, one receives a card on which is printed. "You give me a penny and I give you nothing in return. You are surprised. Voila!"

A curious feature in ornithology is reported from Eckington, Yorkshire, Eng., where a hen has hatched two chickens from one egg, both chickens being in a perfect state except that they are joined together on one side of the membranes of the wing. Beyond this they walk about and feed in the usual manner.

A camel coach is to be tried in the Darling

\$1.75 FOR 50 CTS.

On receipt of only Fifty Cents, the undersigned will mail to any address, postage prepaid, a copy of "Sunshine for Little Children," two beautiful Engravings, and THE WEEKLY GLOBE for three months, an offer which cannot be bought in any other way for less than One Dollar and Seventy-five Cents.

"Sunshine" is a large 48-page folio magazine, edited by the Rev. J. Henry Smythe, D.D., LL.D., and the Engravings are lithoed water colors by Ida Waugh, the great American artist.

From John G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Pray accept my heartiest thanks for the charming set of children's picture heads which has just reached me. It is a delight and a refreshing to look them over. The beauty of childhood was never more sweetly depicted. I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I have received two numbers of "Sunshine" and a collection of pictures of children's heads accompanying them. I am very much pleased with this little gallery of childhood which represents it with all its untaught grace and unconscious beauty. They will carry sunshine to the walls of the darkest room—one that gets all its daylight from a northern window.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The above offer will be mailed to any address on receipt of only Fifty Cents. All orders should be addressed to

> THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Globe Building, Boston, Mass.

This offer is more fully explained on our eighth page.

that Has Come Upon Him.

[Atlanta Journal.]

Joseph Oscar Johnson of Macon is condemned to laugh all his life. He is a paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. The stroke came on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer. It was in the town of Clinton. S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was one day doing some work on his engine and talking to some one standing near. At the moment he received the blow he was in the act of laughing, and, strange to say, the muscles and nerves of the face that are brought most into play in the act of laughing are the ones that are most affected, and over these he has no control whatever. He cannot tell of his troubles, and the doubts and fears that torment him without laughing. He has a wife and five children, and when this affiction came upon him he went to his father-in-law, who lives in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition, and of his inability to care further for his family.

The recital of his parting with his wife was most pathetic and heart-rending; yet, with tears in his eyes and a heart full of agony, he was forced to laugh as though he had been telling a most ludicrous incident. He dares not goto church lest he be accused of making sport of the services and be requested to leave the church; and as for a funeral, it would be out of the question for him to attend one. His case is a most pitiable one, and is the more so because he is only waiting the only relief possible for him, and one that he would hail with pleasure and almost prays for. The stroke came on him some two months

Santa Claus Was a Myth.

(San Francisco Chronicle.) at the kindergarten when he approached

want to go to that school any more,"
"Why, my boy?" "Well, do you know what the boys at that school say?" "Well, papa, they say they ain't any Santa

thing. Papa, there is a Santa Claus, isn't there?"
The father thought a moment. Then he concluded he would tell the child the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So he took him on his knee and told him how it was a pretty fabrication made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children to make them happy, and the fathers and the mothers were the real Santa Claus. The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him, because. I suppose, like older and more inexcusable people, he felt he had been making a painful exhibition of his ignorance. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door. He opened it and stood holding the knob for a momentin a kind of deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his lather. "Say, papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?" father.

your affections, my dear," said her mother.
"He has been calling here nearly a year and hasn't proposed yet." "You shouldn't blame him for that, ma," replied Gracie.

"for you stay in the room so long every evening that he hasn't a chance to say anything private to me." Too Much Land. [Burlington Free Press.]
He-"My dear, I believe I shall sell a lot off our frontage." She-"Why, Charley! you said when you bought the place you would never sell an inch of that lovely

the work of some priest about the year 1550.
The hieratic characters are much older.
The subject matter of the painting seems to be the many migrations of the ancient race of Zapotec Indians.

ALIVE AND —.

Copious Extracts from the Last Issue of the "Arizona Kicker."

For the last six months Major Davis of this burg has lost no opportunity of abusing us and boasting of what he would do if we only called him a horse thief, but proved major, who has no more right to that title borrowed a shotgun and gave out that he had camped on our trail and meant to riddle our system with buckshot on sight. Word was brought to us, and al sight. Word was brought to us, and although we were very busy at the time superintending our combined weekly newspaper, harness shop, grocery, bazaar and gun store (all under one roof, and the largest retail establishment in Arizona), we laid aside our work and went over to Snyder's saloon in search of the major. We found him, and we gave him such a whipping as no man in this town ever got before. Helesa broken and stranded wreck on the shores of time, so to speak, and the doctor says it will be six weeks before he will find any more trails to do any more camping.

SLIPFED A COG.—In company with the elite of this neighborhood we were invited to the abode of Judge Graham last Thursday evening to witness the marriage of County Clerk Dan Scott to the beautiful Arabella Johnson, only daughter of the aristocratic Widow Johnson of Bay Horse Heights. The widow had made a spread worthy of the days of Cleopatra, and Danha for the occasion. Everything passed off pleasantly until 8 o'clock, at which bour the bride was discovered to be missing, and investigation soon brought out the fact that she had gone dead back on Dan and skipped the tra-la, whatever that is, with a bold cowbov named French Jim. She left a message to the effect that she could never, never love a man with a cataract in his left eye, and that meant Dan. There was a feast, but no wedding, and Daniel will have to try again.

No HARM DONE.—The boys got after a though we were very busy at the time super

feast, but no wedding, and Daniel will have to try again.

No Harm Done.—The boys got after a stranger the other evening who was pounted out as a horse thief, and ran him all over town with the object of pulling him up to a limb. In some manner he gave them the slip, and in their real they got hold of Judge Downey and held him up to a limb for over a minute before the error was discovered. The judge is gu-guing around with a sore throat and stiff neck and threatens to bring about 50 damage suits.

around with a sore throat and stiff neck and threatens to bring about 50 damage suits.

Take a friend's advice, judge, and hush up. You got off powerful easy, considering your general character. While it was a mistake, the boys were not so far wrong after all. We wish such mistakes would occur oftener.

We BIDE OUR TIME.—While selling Mrs. Colonel Prescott four pounds of prunes for half a dollar the other day Constable Button entered and asked us to step across the street to the office of Esquire Williams. We obeyed the request, and were at once served with a warrant charging us with keeping bales of hay on the sidewalk in a front of the Kicker office to the detriment of pedestrians. As is well known, we run a grocery, feed store, harness shop, bazaar and music house in connection with the Kicker, and the hay was out for a sign. We were tried, convicted and fined \$9-the grossest outgage ever perpetrated in the name of the law.

We shall bide our time. That is, we shall begin next week and show Squire Williams up as a drunkard, dead beat, absconder, embezzler and periurer, and if we can't drive him out of the country in six weeks we'll forfeit a lung. The man who made the complaint did it to get even with us for refusing to lend him our only button-behind shirt. From this out he is a marked man, we will begin on him next week, and we'll bet 10 to one he hangs himself inside of a month.

[Youth's Companion.]
Fifty years ago the famous surgeon of London was Sir Astley Cooper. He was remarkable for his manual dexterity and also for the quickness and accuracy with which at a glance he took in the whole situation. A striking proof of his penetration was given on his being called to attend a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown

Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin.

The moment Sir Astley examined the wound he said: "A pistol has been fired at you with the left hand."

On seeing Mr. Patch, Blight's partner, he was so struck by the peculiar expression of his countenance that he whispered: "If that gentleman were left-handed I should suspect him of being the murderer."

Patch was left-handed, and, on being tried and condemned, confessed his guilt. A Good Business Man.

(Harper's Bazar.)
"Here, Brown, let's see how much you

lawn, even if we were starving." He—"My love, at that time I never had any experience running a lawn-mower."

No. I'll not do that; but you drop a nickel in my hand and I'll tell you how much I weigh, my age and the size of my hat."

These bloodbounds have hard to we the finded as what planes. As some any in that woman's property of the same and the finded as a set of the finded as a set of

Says the Ghost of a Boiled Dinner Is Sad Sight to Smell.

Guest Objects to Being Awakened and

Bathes the Youngster.

[Copyright, 1889, Edgar W. Nye.] The hotel bell boy has never had what might be called a fair show in the columns of the press. He has not been interviewed, and not being a voter, his appeals for recognition have never been listened to. The bell boy is the connecting link between the upper and lower order of beings at a hotel.

given.
Yesterday I detained a bell boy with red hair, who came to bring me a pitcher of ice water, and asked him if he would mind being interviewed for publication. He said he would not, but would have to wait until 6 o'clock, at which time his day's work closed, and he would be at leisure. At that and trunks."
hour he appeared at my door. He is a "What is the general failing among hour he appeared at my door. He is a hour he appeared at my door, file is a medium-sized boy, but older than I thought "The general failing is not to return the



Has forgot what it was he rung fer. That's what puts the gray hairs into a boy's head."

"Who did you work for first?"
"I worked for a couple of fellers that run the Palace Hotel. I won't tell you the name the Palace Hotel. I won't tell you the name of the town and I won't tell you the name of the firm. I used to call 'om Messrs. Dewey Little & Owen Moore. That's what I called 'em. Their hotel was called the Palace, because the man that named it was a huncrist. It was hanted, the house was. Nights it was hanted by wicked spirits, and days it was hanted with the spooks of old departed biled dinners. Did you ever run across the ghost of a biled dinner? I think it is the saddest sight I ever smelled."
"How did you come to take hold of the hotel business?"
"Well, my mother died just as I got out

How did you come to take hold of the hotel business?"

"Well, my mother died just as I got out of skirts, and my father he was a poor hand at the practice of industry himself, but had the theory all right and could find openings for other folks bully. He got me the lob at the Palace. He then began to rest. He did most of his resting in the barroom of the Palace. He said once that he had read in a paper somewhere that the earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof. He didn't want the earth, he said, but if there was any fullness left over, he would be glad to get enough for a grown person."

"Where is your fa her now?"

where is your fa her now?"

"Where is your fa her now?"

"He is busy just now filling a drunkard's grave. It is the first opening he ever filled with any kind of satisfaction. If my father had put the talent into most anything else that he did into bowlin' up he would have been a rich man, and I could have got out in the grass and played and had fun, instead of getting

Knee Sprung Here in a Hot Hotel. breathing gas leaks and sewer gas, while other boys are chasing squirrels.

"No, I did not like the Palace."

"Why not?"

"Well, the proprietors were clost, too clost to suit me. Old Dewey Little was the meanest man lever saw. He used to gum up the gas burners so that a guest couldn't see to read, and then of course would have to come down stairs and maybespend a dollar at the bar. He was the meanest man that ever walked. He used to steal wipes out of the wash and go through the pockets of the overcoats in the check room. I've read a good many stories about Satan, and of course he has had advantages that Old Man Little never had. Satan has had thousands of years to think it over and improve on his first amateur work, and so I say that it would be hard for anybody to take his place; but I say this, that if he should ever get disabled or have a felon on his thumb or anything like that and want a good understudy. Dewey Little could run things so that only a few heads of departments, you know, would get on to the fact."

"What do you think of tipping in America?"

"Well, I think it's just getting on its feet

waterbury and said he must go. Thanking him for his information and dividing my best. Here in New York it is getting to be pretty good. I've made \$1 a day quite often outside of my regular pay, which pay is pretty blamed small. Bell boys watch the office mighty slow service."

"What was your best tip?"

"Well it was a dollar. I believe. We had a temperance lecturer in No. 39. He was a reformed tomperance lecturer. That is he had been a rounder, and so finally he had braced up, it seems, and went onto the platform. He done well as a lecturer, all allowed, and great crowds came to hear the man who had been jerked out of the gutter. I was sent to answer his bell. He looked at me kind of skittsh, and then he walked the floor quite a spell, and looked out of the winder. Finally he wanted to know if I was to be relied on to transact business without too much conversation. I said yes, and that I had at the secrets of great men and great actresses looked up in my breast, and that I had a time look on It, and that the world wouldn't know anything about it till Gabriel said so, and then the reformed lecturer told me to bring up an Apollinaris bottle, full of common cooking whiskey, and a high glass. I done so, and people that went to the lecture said it just laid over anything they ever leard as regards beseechin' tenderness, and all that kind of business. He was a weteved lecturer, with a wabble in his voice, and he could gather in a great many children and young ladies when he got tuned up. He gave me a collar for working the Apollinaris racket."

"Did you ever have any other gueer every factor in the indistinguished and dividing my to the stairway like a fat scientist engaged in deling from the tail gate of a big balloon.

BILL NYE.

Champagne Corks.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

"Do you know." said a broker who had made a profitable turn in gas stock yester-day, as he ordered "another small bottle." "inki these champagne corks for instance," "inki the scientist engaged in day to move it said to know." Said a broker who common cooking whiskey, and a high glass. I done so, and people that went to the lecture said it just laid over anything they ever heard as regards beseechin' tenderness, and all that kind of business. He was a weteyed lecturer, with a wabble in his voice, and he could gather in a great many children and young ladies when he got tuned up. He gave me a collar for working the Apollinaris racket."

Apollinaris racket."

Apollinaris racket."

"Did you ever have any other queer ex-"Did you ever have any other queer experiences?"

'Oh, yes, but not that I ought to tell about for the paper, but I remember once I went up to bring down the bargage out of 104, and it was early yet, so the chambermaid hadn't been into the room. I always look around a room when a party is leaving it, to see that I get everything, because

Most Men Leave Their Night-Shirts. and sometimes they give me a dime for bringing them down. Women never leave anything. They always look in all the dressing-case drawers and then look back over the room as they go out. and then they come back again and then they come back again just as the elevator is about ready to ro down with them, and they do not leave anything at all but a wisp of hair and a shoe button with no eye to it. Well, ander the pillow I found this old gentleman's watch and a big roll of money with a ubber band around it. I took them down to him, and after he had counted all the money and found it safe, he gave me a busted election cigar with a wet end to it."

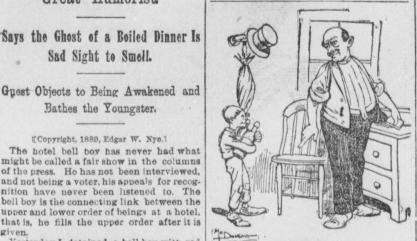
"What did you say to him?"

"I told him I did not smoke on account of my heart."

ny heart."
"Did you ever hear of him again?"
"Yes, he tried to run the elevater up to his loor somewhere that winter when the elevator boy was out for a moment, and they lay the marks of his front teeth can be seen look the writing an editorial.

Visitor in editorial room (to writer)—You seem to be busy. Writer—Yes. Visitor—taker boy was out for a moment.

on the elevator shaft yet. He did not have time to make the remark "Ouch!" before his soul, such as it was, had to give an account of itself."
"What do you notice mostly about guests hat do you notice mostly about guests when they come in?"
"Well, I judge them a good deal by their bags. You can't always tell by clothes, but baggage means a good deal."



WHISKEY FOR WET-EYED LECTURER. Fresh people have fresh-looking, shiny baggage. Experienced travellers have sensible, but more or less weather beaten bags

medium-sized boy, but older than I thought at first. He might be anywhere from 5 to 20 years old. Sometimes he looked one way and sometimes the other. He said way and sometimes the other. He said town the followed at the key. I saw it belonged in Philadelphia. He laughed kind of foolish, and pulled out the right one as he supposed, but it the right one as he supposed, but it

Belonged to Young's Hotel n Boston. He had a key in every pocket ome folks get the number of their room nixed up with the number they had, per aps, ip another city a day or two before We had a case of that kind last week, and it would have made a great deal of trouble if the matter had not been hushed up at the

"What do you do when a guest enters the what do you do when a guest enters the hotel?"
"Why, 'Front,' whoever 'Front' happens to be at the time, is expected to go and pull the handle off the guest's bag, carry itaway and conceal it somewhere, and then rejuctantly find it when the owner puts up for it."

"To you have many squabbles with the other bell boys?"

"No. we get along all right and have no fuss. We swap stories too when we have a slack day, and get a little fun that way. I knew a bell boy once that used to work at the Lahr House, at Lafayette. Ind. He worked there quite a while. One day they sent him up to call No. 13. No. 13 didn't say anything, and so they concluded that something might be wrong and they told this boy they would have to put him over the boy hood he never had.

"Would you mind telling me your name, my son?" I queried in superior accents.
"My home name is Henry Clay Williams. Here my name is Front."

"What would you do if you had your time for a year?"

"I would play. Never played a day in my life that I can remember. Jest polish my trousers on a settee and wait till the office hollers Front,' and then I've got to run up five or six flights, knock on the door, and find that some

Old Pestilence of a Feller

Has forgot what it was he rung fer. That's Do you have many squabbles with the

Nimble as a Weasel, and so he got over there and struck a match. Shortly after that he came out again by un- place. locking the door from the inside. He was quite pale, and said that he wished that hereafter they would put some other boy

The presence of the alkali (soda ash) fahereafter they would put some other boy through the transom whenever they had any curlosity about people.

The breader of the microscopic ferange curlosity about people.



HE WAS INSERTED INTO THE BATHTUB.

headrest, light the candle and go to sleep. He hadgreased up the running glass of the thing and then begun to experiment. It worked first rate. They didn't have any autopsy. Friends thought it wasn't really necessary.

the overcoats in the check room. I've sad a good many stories about Satan, and f course he has had advantages that Old Intitle never had. Satan has had thoused and so years to think it over and improve on his first amateur work, and so I say that it would be hard for anybody to take his place; but I say this, that if he should everget disabled or have a felon on his thumbor or anything like that and want a good understudy. Dewey Little could run things so that only a few heads of departments, you know, would get on to the fact."

"What do you think of tipping in America?"

"Well, I think it's just getting on its feet and getting to be self-supporting. But it ain't what it ought to be. In the old countries

Everybody Tips a Little, but here it is only the liberal folks that does it and so they are overworked. We would rather get a nickel a head all day than to get a quarter from one or two. Outside of the big cities tips are mighty seldom, you bet. Here in New York it is getting to be pretty good. I've made \$1 a day quite often outside of my regular pay, which pay is pretty blamed small. Bell boys watch the office mighty close, I tell you, and some office mighty close of the close of the close of the close of putting and then begun to experiment the sudpost of putting and then begun to putting the worked first rate. They didn't have any renly out of an

Value of Advertising.

[Phtladelphia Inquirer.]
The man who thinks it does not pay to advertise should look into the facts a little made between two partners in a bakingpowder firm, and the retiring member drew out \$2,300,000 as his share of the property. This represented a total value of the plant of more than \$4,600,000. Aside from the inherent value of the commodity, all this is the result of judicious newspaper advertising. It has made many fortunes and will make many more.

Neighbor Boy-"Ma said she'd lick me if I didn't ask your forgiveness. She's watching me from the window; so out with it or I'll thump you when I catch you alone." Our Boy-"Well, I'll forgive you till my big brother gets home, and then if you know when you're well off you'll stay mighty close to your own house." About a Half Column.

AROUND THE FARM.

Sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."
You can have a fair supply of moisture and fair crops in almost any season, whether it rains at the critical time or not, if you will. The knowledge and power are in your hands. Will you use them? If so, never let a crust form on your potato field. Cultivate as on as it is dry enough after a shower. If it rains in three days, never mind, cultivate again anyway. Always act as though every shower was to be the standy ou wanted to save all you could of it. Such tillage will always pay, and a week, cultivate again anyway. Always act as though every shower was to be the standy ou wanted to save all you could of it. Such tillage will always pay, and about once in five years the results have almost taken our breath away.

Of course this tillage should be so regulated as to keep all weeds down. With the Thomas harrow and Planet Junior cultivator and horse hoe, we have kent our fields was applied to the thickness of several inches. The muck was apparently thick black mould formed from decay of vegetable matter. It came from a swamp that produced rank growth of coarse grasses and aquatic plants. The soil to which it was applied had a gravelly loam character, loam predominating. The muck was drawn in autumn and winter. The following spring it was thoroughly broken down by harrowing, and the land ploughed. The dressing was thick enough to make the ground black after ploughing. It may not be exact to say that no effect was seen, for there was a changed appearance—darker color, if nothing more. But there was none of the enriching more. But there was none of the enriching more. But there was none of the enriching more it are the control of the changed appearance—darker color, if nothing more. But there was none of the enriching so confidently expected. Similar experience was had in many other cases, differing only in character of soil. In no instance did this muck return value enough to compensate for the labor of hauling, so far as

An increase of acid may check putrefaction. The preservative power of vinegar is well known and made use of in domestic economy. Some peat will kill the microdenus that cause fermentation, or prevent them from thriving, so that fermentation could hardly occur in presence of any considerable quantity of it.

"It is best in applying a mulch to supply in time before hot. dry weather fairly sets in as much better results can be secured than if this is delayed until later in the season. In addition to adding to retain moisture a good mulch prevents the growth of weeds, avoiding, to a considerable extent. The necessity of late cultivation.—[Prairie Farmer.] An increase of acid may check putrefacsiderable quantity of it.

One important step in the curing of peat in dung composts through the alkalinity of the ammonia, just as in composts made with lime, potash, or with soda, is, through the acidity of the peat, being neutralized by the non-volatile alkalies. Putrefactive fermentation will shortly set in when a soil rich in organic matter is mixed with enough alkali to saturate it

(soda ash is the cheapest alkali at the present time), and is then left moist in a warm Conversely, it is known that acids and

any curiosity about people.

Otherwise he would want more pay.
No. 13 had, it seems, got his machine done the night before, and had tried it to see if it would work. It was a kind of meat axe running in a groove like the French Dofuny, and it was hung with a cord and trigger, fixed so that a little thread that run the trigger was pulled through a wax candle. A man could load up with morphine, or something kind of soothing like that. tions for nitrification.

In case a compost is applied to a root crop,

Valued at.....

CARBONIC ACID.

Its Solubility in Water of Great Im-

pertance.
[Written for THE WEEKLY GLOBE.]

Mulching Crops. With crops that are to be kept growing during the summer, it will often be found quite an item to mulch after the last cultivation is given. The principal gain in mulching is that it keeps the soil cooler. did this muck return value enough to compensate for the labor of hauling, so far as the club, then anxious to get at precise facts, was able to procure information."

There is a common belief that the application of raw peat to a cultivated soil may do actual harm, and it is not improbable that this belief is well founded.

Most peats do possess a certain antiseptic quality when freshly dug, which would be likely to hinder fermentation and decay. So long as acid is present no change in the appearance of the soil occurs, but the moment the humus begins to be dissolved by an alkali the coherence of the soil is destroyed, and all of its constituents, of which the humus formed but a small portion, fall down to an impenetrable layer of mud.

Ordinary cultivated soils contain no free acid other than carbonic acid. They are neutral, or even alkaline, to litmus paper.

The fermentations of dung are due to the presence of various living ferments, somewhat in the same way that the alcoholic fermentation of sugar is due to the presence of various living ferments, somewhat in the same way that the alcoholic fermentation of sugar is due to the presence of the yeast plant. Dung contains not only germs, but fully developed microscopic organisms.

An increase of acid may check putrefaction. The preservative power of ymegar.

The preservative power of ymegar is that it keeps the soil cooler, and retains moisture already in the soil, so ditait is that it keeps the soil cooler, and retains moisture already in the soil, so ditait a growth will be maintained even when the weather is dry and hot. Potatoes, when

Making Hay.

The value of hay depends to a large extent upon the time when the grass or clover is cut, as well as upon the manner of the curing. The following table gives the feeding value of hay out and cured at the differ ent stages of the plants, and it is well worth the careful study of all concerned:

	Nitrogen mpounds.	drates	
d clover, before head	24.50	46.06	7.
d clover, head formed			
d clover, full bloom	17.50	47.42	4.
d clover, after bloom	16.58	45.94	4.
d clover, in seed	14.00	49.90	3.
mothy, spike unformed	11.55	50.05	4.
mothy, spike visible			
mothy, before bloom			
mothy, early bloom			
mothy, full bloom		55.22	
mothy, early seed	11.38	47.09	3.

The Market Garden in July. This month should be one of the busiest of the year in the market garden. Not only are the green crops at their height, but fall crops are beginning to mature; the land from which the first-crops have been sold is to be cleared, and winter crops are to be

If the winter onions are ready to harvest,

The solubility in Worker of Great Inst

(Writing for Two Wearts' Great and the call with the plant of a short of the control o

SERGEANT VON; some the control of the street of the control of the

are left until later an unnecessary amount of the vine's vitality goes into them and is lost without any compensating gain. After the berries have been produced the canes have served their purpose, and they are of no further use. If they are allowed to live and die a natural death, the drain upon the soil and plant is considerable. When removed, all the nourishment furnished by the roots goes to make the young canes the strong and vigorous, so that they are better developed and matured for the following season. There is also another advantage in early pruning. The green canes cut much easier than the dried ones, and the plant is not half pulled out of its bed in the operation of severing the large stalks. To avoid pulling the plant, hand-shears rather than a knife, should be used for this work. Blackberry vines can be formed in the same way, with similar beneficial results. Some claim that by leaving the canes on until earlyspring the young shoots are thus protected; but the injury to these is usually done after the old vines are removed, when the green shoots have shoved their heads out before the last cold snap has gone. It is much better to cut the canes in summer; then protect the roots of the vines with straw or leaves spread around them, which need not be removed until the young canes have begun to show their heads. Having received the full nourishment of strong, healthy roots, they will then be better prepared to withstand rough weather.

Spring Grain as Green Manure. It is not often that spring grain is used as green manure, though, to use what might be called an Irish bull, winter grain is some-These plants bear a close relation to others of which hay is made, or which are used for feeding either by soiling or by pasturing. The figures show very clearly that upon rich soil pasturage yields the largest proportion of nutriment which the crops afford, and when the pasture is kept in good condition and is eaten closely so as to produce a continuous succession of young and tender herbage, the most nutriment is procured disadvantage of the spring grain. But a growth of green oats or barley is certainly from the crop. In case a compost is applied to a root crop, there can be no doubt that it would be well to have some phosphate incorporated with it during the process of fermentation, such as ground phosphate rock, phosphate meal, bone black or bone ash.

DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSTING MUCK OR PEAT.

Take 1½ cords of peat which, as dug out, will weigh about 11,000 pounds, and well dried, will lose three-quarters in bulk, and weigh about 3500 pounds; add to this quantity 100 pounds soda ash and 1000 pounds fine ground phosphate.

After all these ingredients are mixed together, it should be left in a heap, which green suff will rot almost as quickly as turned under, and help keep the soil moist through droughts in July. August and Sep-tember. It may often pay to seed with spring grain if done early on land that is bare in spring and intended for growing corn or potatoes.

ABOUT THE SPOCK.

Feeding Oats Unthreshed - Fodder Corn-Spring Calves-The Swine. If the high price of binder twine impresses upon farmers the advantages of feeding unthreshed oats, it will not be an unmixed evil. By feeding the cats unthreshed we may save both binding and threshingactual gain in feeding value. The nutritive nutritive ratio of a proper food for fattening cattle should be 1.10, for fattening sheep, 1.9, and for work animals, at labor or rest about 1.6. It is apparent that oat straw is deficient in the albuminoids, either for work or fattening animals. Two-thirds of the protein free compounds must be wasted when the straw is fed alone. The starvation of an animal fed straw alone is only a question of time. The grain of cats has a higher albuminoid ratio than is required question of time. The grain of cats has a higher albuminoid ratio than is required for fattening or work animals. Hence, by feeding the grain and straw together, we have a better ration than if fed separate. If we run the unthreshed oats through a cutter, and moisten the cut stuff, the grain, chaff and straw will be masticated and digested together, we have a better-balanced ration, and one more easily digested. The quality of the feed is improved by cutting the crop while the straw has yet a slight green tinge, and before the grain has quite hardened. It is not difficult to cure and keep it when cut at this stage, especially when it is not bound. Whether the oats are bound or not, in a majority of cases they are not cut early enough; and delaying cutting also increases the chances of their being lodged. Oats to be fed unthreshed may be mown and raked into windrows. But those having reapers will find it better to use them, leaving the oats in bunches, which may be thrown on the wagon. Self-binders can be used, leaving off the twine or wire. As soon as the oats are cured they are mowed away or put in barracks. It is difficult to stack them so they will keep well. Those lacking mows and possessed of a hay and straw press or able to hire one at a reasonable figure, will find the best plan to be to allow the oats to cure well in the field and then balo them at once. They will then require comparatively little space; the bales may be built up, and with a good roof of boards over them, the damage will be practically nothing.

way, and requires the least care after the operation is once completed; and many plants difficult to propagate by cutting are sure in time to root from layers. At one time, the fact, few nurseries of any size were without a place set apart as a stoolground, so called, and many nurseries at home, as well as abroad, use this method for increasing many plants today. In forming a stoolground, select a good piece of light loam, well enriched with rotted manure. Trench it well and set out the plants from three to six feet apart, according to their habit of growth. This gives plenty of room to work all around the plants after they have been thoroughly established. After removing the soil to the depth of from four to six inches, gently draw down the branches to be layered, fixing them in place by hooked pers, and, with a sharp knife, after removing the surplus leaves, cut half-way through the stem, just below an eye, then drawing the knife toward you, cut the branch length wise from one to two inches, according to its size.

Cutting the stem of the layer on the under side, as is the usual way, is often followed by the breaking of the layer, if it is at all brittle. This is prevented by making the tongue slightly to one side. After being pegged down the layer should be covered with from four to six inches of loam. In many plants it is not necessary to bury the stem, while others, again, root if the branch is only held in centact with the surface of moist earth. The only attention demanded by layers is plenty of water during the dry season and keeping the ground clean. A special ground set apart for this work is not necessary. Any plant can be layered if a trench is dug around it and filled with good loam, into which the tongued or twisted branch is held. While many layered plants will root in a few weeks, others will take a year, and some two and even three. Some will need to be recut or ringed to make them root. After layers are rooted they should be severed from the branch, pruned and transplanted to the nursery, in t

and transplanted to the nursery, in the same way as other plants. Almost every hardwood plant known can be rooted from a layer if the proper time is allowed.—[Garden and Forest.

Phosphate Meal.

Some few weeks ago we called attention to some remarks made by ex-Mayor Hewitt of New York regarding the basic process of making steel. The introduction of this process into this country will have a great influence upon the agriculture of the South and East, because it will cause the production in vast quantities of a new phosphatic fertilizer. This Thomas basic slag or Thomas scoria, is already being sent here from Germany. The South Carolina Processing the basic processing of the seed dealers.

Timothy, orchard grass and other hardy grasses may be sown early in. autumn, if the ground is sufficiently most and mellow, an itinerant shoemaker named Blake, who never lived in any house over three months at a time, and who was on the go so much that his acquaintances called him "Moving from the seed that his acquaintances called him "Moving stall autumn. The earlier it is sown and the larger the growth the first season the stronger and earlier will be the country will have a great influence upon the agriculture of the South and East, because it will cause the production in vast quantities of a new phosphatic fertilizer. This Thomas basic slag or Thomas scoria, is already being sent here from Germany. The South Carolina Provention of the seed dealers.

The bean crop in the bean-growing countries and other hardy antition to not a large family of boys and girls, he was always accompanied by a time, and who was on the go so much that his acquaintances called him "Moving lake." In addition to a large family of boys and girls, he was always accompanied by a fick of faithful hens that when they saw the shoemaker name there was time, and they on the following spring. Plants started in the his acquaintances called him "Moving lake." In addition to a large family of boys and girls he was always accompanied by a fick of faithful hens a new phosphatic fertilizer. This Thomas basic slag or Thomas scoria, is already being sent here from Germany. The South Caro-

thus speaks of it:

"It is obtained from the so-called Peine-Thomas scoris through the dephosphorization of pig-iren, ofter the patented method of Sidney Gilchrist Thomas. The dephosphorization of the iren takes place by melting the iren with lime in a current of air, a proceeding by which pig-iren, rich in phosphorous, is converted into steel, free from phosphorous dingot iren). In this manner the phosphorous of the pig-iren is converted into phosphorous of the pig-iren is converted into phosphorous of the pig-iren is converted into phosphoric acid, which, uniting with lime added, forms phosphate of lime. The melted mixture of phosphate of lime. The melted mixture of phosphate of lime. The melted mixture of phosphate of lime. It is brought into the market for the purposes of agriculture, in a finely ground state."

Analyses of this substance made at the station showed 21.46 and 26.60 per cent. of phosphoric acid. It was tried side by side with "hoats," and showed a slight but steady superiority. This substance is destined to greatly influence American agriculture.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Potash and Soda Salts. Sodium compounds are found in the bodies of vegetables and animals. Plants growing ear the sea contain sulphate, iodide and hloride of sodium. The whole of the aninal body, especially the juices, is rich in sodium compounds, the carbonate, chloride and phosphate chiefly occurring, together and phosphate their vectors, together with sodium salts of organic acids. Sodium salts are, however, not characteristic of vegetable life in the same sense that potas-

um salts are. Thus, whilst the latter alkali is always Thus, whilst the latter alkali is always present in larger quantities in certain organs of the plant than in others, sodium appears to be generally equally diffused throughout the whole organism. It is also a remarkable fact that the sodium salits contained in the ashes of plants are insoluble in water, as they combine with the phosphates of the alkali earths to form insoluble compounds. For this reason the presence of sodium compounds in the ashes of plants has often been overlooked. It has long been known that if the plant salsola, which grows near the sea, and which yields ash rich in soda salts, be transplanted to an inland situation, the ash gradually loses soda and gains in potash, until at last the whole of the former disappears. On the other hand, if inland plants are grown near the sea the reverse change takes place.

pease. William C. Strong says, in Popular Garden-William C. Strong says, in Popular Gardening, that grapes are usually increased at least 25 per cent by girdling or ringing, and the time of ripening is hastened from 10 days to a fortnight, or more, depending upon the season. With some varieties this point of time determines very certainly the success or failure of the crop. The time for doing this work of ringing is soon after the setting of the fruit, when the berries are about the size of peas.

Currant and gooseberry bushes may be transplanted in autumn, taking care to lift as large a mass of roots as practicable, and to thin out and cut back a proportionate amount of the branches. Protect them against the cold winds of winter by manure over the surface, and evergreen branches around the lops would be additionally useful.

Timothy, orchard grass and other hardy grasses may be sown early in, autumn, if the grand is sufficiently most and mellow.

of the seed dealers.

The bean crop in the bean-growing counties of western New York has been more injured than any other by the peculiarities of the season. Frost cut the early planted beans in some places. Since that continual rains have kept the soil sodden and cold. Only on dry, gravelly land will the crop be a good one, and the aggregate crop is sure to be much less than usual.

It is reported that the honey crop of California will be almost an entire failure.

fornia will be almost an entire failure. January and February were too dry, and the spring has been too cool and unfavorable.

Dr. Caldwell, in New York Tribune:

"Allowing 1600 pounds as the weight of a
two-horse load of stable manure, and caliing its quality just ordinary, 14 loads would

ing its quality just ordinary, 14 loads would contain as much nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash as would cost nearly \$25 if purchased in commercial fertilizer."

To get rid of sorrel, dandelions, plaintain and other low-growing weeds, enrich the soil and sow tall-growing crops that will smother out everything else.

To erect a fence of wire notting set your posts firmly in the ground from two to three feet, according to soil, and not over 10 feet apart. Unroll the netting on end, stretch along the posts, tightening the top selvage; then staple it to the posts at top, after which the bottom selvage should be drawn tightly downward and secured with steel staples made for that purpose. The fence is always better and more easily put up by having a board at the bottom.

THE NEXT CENSUS. Uncle Sam's Children Will Number

64,476,000 in 1890. (Philadelphia Inquirer.)

By the time the next census has been taken it is expected that our population will have reached the enormous aggregate of 64.476,000 souls. E. B. Elliott, actuary of the United States Treasury Department, says it will number 62,900,000 persons on the first of June next. The rate of increase as given by him would swell this enormous number to about 64,500,000, perhaps 65,000,000 in June, 1890. These figures are enough to make even the most careless citizen think.

Since the outbreak of the last war our recognization has more than doubled. This is considered that the would produce the spirit of any person asked for.

"Diogenes." shouted a man from the back of the house. A few moments later raps were heard, and Professor Brown announced that the would produce the spirit of any person asked for.

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"Diogenes." shouted a man from the back of the house. A few moments later raps were heard, and Professor Brown and professor and announced that the would produce the spirit of any person asked for.

"You say you have the spirit of Diogenes there?" "Yes, sir. Do you wish to ask him any questions, sir?" replied Mr. Brown.

"Only one. Ask him if he house. A few moments later raps were heard, and Professor Brown and professor and pr

the dime museums. Several stories of pre-cocity are told about this rodent, of which cocity are told about this rodent, of which the following is one:

"A few evenings ago," said the waiter, "I had occasion to go down into the kitchen. It was dusky when I arrived, and as soon as my eyes would permit me to get used to the light I saw a large rat walk deliberately up to a dish of doughnuts and begin to take them out one by one and string them on to his tail, as you would string beads. When he had put on five and loaded his tail all up, he turned around, took the end of his tail between his teeth and walked off as if he were going to muster.

BLAKE'S HENS.

Their Remarkable Intelligence Vouched for by Church Goers.

gence of Blake's hens.

An Enterprising Society.

The most enterprising literary society that I know of in this country is the one in Kansas City. The officers and members write to our literary lights and to those abroad, asking them in the name of abroad, asking them in the name of the society questions about their methods of work, their favorite writers, their creeds on art, etc., and altogether they must be collecting quite an interesting lot of matter, for, being a society, I think their letters are pretty generally answered. Sometimes, though, they make pretty bad slips for a literary society; just now they are digging out the ways of our story writers at their work, and they have written to Edith Thomas, asking whether she completes her plot before she begins writing, and whether she draws her characters direct from life, etc. As Miss Thomas, who has a poem in almost every monthly one picks up the year round, never wrote a story in her life, she is led to reflections on the worth of fame—in Kansas City.

Wanted to Ask Diogenes. [New York Sun.] Three years ago Mind Reader J. Randall Brown, who was a witness in the late Bishop case, was giving a series of entertainments at the Grand Opera House in San Fran-cisco. On one occasion he gave a seance, and announced that he would produce the

(Youth's Companion.)
When Florence was only a wee bit of a girl she loved to trot around out of doors in the early morning, and mamma was very particular that she should always wear rubbers. One morning, standing at the kitchen door, she made an alarming discovery. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" she called. "All vese little cunning chickens hasn't got on any rubbers! They will get a sneeze—O-oodens!" dear!

[Terre Haute Express.] Sharp-eyed speculator—Is there any chance, do you suppose, for me to buy your insane asylum? Chicago citizen-What the dickens put such an idea as that in your head? Speculator-1 was thinking of moving it down home-I'm a Richmond man myself-and putting it on exhibition on the site of

and putting it on exh the old Libby prison. He Had to After That. (Paris Paper.

"You are enjoying yourself. I hope?" said the hostess at a soiree to Galuchet. "You know, madam." said Galuchet, with his most gracious smile, "that the dullest par-ties never bore me, I can stand almost anything."

A Reporter's Aphasia

[Brockton Enterprise.] Mr. John E. Sullivan, of the firm of Burns & Sullivan, got notice yesterday from Rock-land, that Mrs. Burns had borne him a nice little boy baby. Otherwise He Might Spoil the Effect.

Wife to husband—You had better say grace over again.
Husband—Why?
"Because the soup isn't cool yet." Facilis Descensus Averni.

(Burlington Free Press.)

A Michigan man bought a pair of corsets at an auction because they were so cheap, and then got married so as to have somebody to give them to. Visiting Books, Perhaps.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A July magazine announces an article entitled "Books That Have Hindered Me." Bank books, like enough.

Boston Meckly Globe. WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1889

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QUOTATIONS PUBLIC PROPERTY.

The courts in Chicago have made the interesting decision that the board of trade is every week than any other not at liberty to keep its quotations for its and as the judges seem to think that ply. the public lives in the bucket shops (as it practically does in Chicago) they rule that these gambling establishments must everything that is of great public importance should be held by the courts to be public property the era of State socialism would be at hand.

MARRIAGE FOR SCHOOLMA'AMS.

The board of education in Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., has passed the

Resolved, the interest and the marriage relation during the period of her contract with this board, it shall be considered sufficient cause for termination of the contract and immediate pay. lischarge from service. The great National Education Association

which is to convene in Nashville, Tenn. this month, will find this a lively topic to stir up among the schoolmarms. What reason is there why a good teacher

should be discharged merely because she gets married? It is not the custom to discharge male teachers when they contract matrimony. In fact, it is rather held to add to their usefulness.

But that is surely a matter which may sately be left to her own judgment, since it concerns her and her husband only. Schoolma'ams will get married, as they have an inalienable right to do, and it is worse than useless to try to stop them by

municipal regulation. The danger is that such regulations may tend to encourage secret marriages or illicit unions.

TOO MUCH FOR GHOOLY KHAN

The Shah of Persia's imperial representa tive at Washington, HADJI HOSSEIN GHOOLY KAHN, with his oriental sensitiveness, can no longer stand the funny work of the American newspaper joker, and is going home mad.

As is well known, an Eastern embassy is a sort of reportorial staff, which sends in to the sublime monarch from time to time whatever is gathered that is of interest to his throne and person. The vanity of the oriental king is chiefly gratified by knowing all that is said about him abroad.

It so happens that the Shah, with a retinue of some 75 males and females, is dropping in on the various royal households of Europe, His board bill will cost Queen VICTORIA upwards of \$200,000, which is a mere trifle in England's mighty purse, but have secured the largest the King of Holland and some other monarchs less comfortably fixed have shown a desire to be out when the bell rang.

All this has called out the American joker, whose reverence for the sacred persons of kings is at low-water mark, he little We are pleased to hold out thinking, however, that he was blowing his jokes all the while into the very jaws of HOOLY KHAN's scissors. The result is that one who believes the person of the Shah to be sacred finds his thin oriental skin lacerated beyond endurance by contact with the

We advise Secretary BLAINE to run over and see GHOOLY KHAN before he gets packed up, and show him how sweetly he hardly know how to answer it comes up smiling after being bastina-

ping post with the lashings of 10,000 newspaper jokers for the past twenty years. It is doubtful, however, whether the tender oriental nature of GHOOLY can ever be made

PREACHING TOO FAR IN THE REAR. The friends of civil service reform have been agitating a proposition to have sermons on that subject preached by eminent divines all over the country on Thanksgiving day, and favorable responses have come from such men as Rev. Howard Crossy, ex-President McCosH of Princeton and a

long list of other distinguished preachers. Why all this preaching should be delayed until Thanksgiving day is not exactly clear. By that time President HARRISON will have made about all his appointments. It looks to the suspicious layman as though the President would have got in all the practising before the preaching begins.

We take it that one good sermon, such as Bishop POTTER preached on the day of the Washington centennial, is worth a score preached next November after the crib has een stocked and the doors bolted. If a civil service truce could be established, so as to postpone uncivil practising till the sermons come off and thus have the preaching and this paper carefully. Every the practice start together, it would be fairer for both the contestants. As it is the President has a four months' lead with no time allowance.

None the less are we in favor of the sermons, even if rather unaccountably delayed If these distinguished clergymen are sin cere, as no doubt they are, the President has ample warning that a continuation of his bouncing practice will only add to the bitter seasoning of the preaching.

DIVES AND HIS LIMITATIONS.

not enjoy one feature of pleasurable exis Weekly Globe has claims that tence without sacrificing another; could

But long ago Dives had nis city club, his It has the best long and short house at Newport, another at Lenox, and another at Mt. Desert, between which his price. Any number is far ahead five months of leisure were shared, each

supplying a different kind of pleasure. Only another feature was wanting to com plete the symphony, and that has been supplied within the last few years in the surprising growth of country clubs.

Formerly the chief disadvantage of country life was its isolation and the absence of congenial companionship. The country club, without disturbing the charms of nature, adds the means of enjoying hunting, fishing, athletics, billiards and every variety of intellectual and social diversion. The famous Tuxedo Club in New Jersey supplies almost everything that an be thought of in the line of sports. theatricals and socials, even to ice boating tobogganing, skating and sleighing in winter. It is the idea of urbs in rure carried

out to perfection Dives now has his city mansion, his Newport cottage, his villa by the sea, his fashionable village community cottage at Lenox, his city club and his country club. But he short months, and wrestle with many horrid annoyances meanwhile, the chief of which is the vexed servant problem.

All this calls for a deal of extra breathing tively be withdrawn Aug. 1. and locomotion, and unfortunately there You have only the month of are still not a few duties that require to be July in which to avail yourself attended to personally, however well of this offer. Subscribe early Dives may be supplied with servants. No servant seems to be procurable who the water colors and magazine. | can satisfactorily eat, sleep, walk, breathe and bathe for his master. Poor Dives is to be pitied, he has to work so hard attending to these matters himself.

THE HIGH PRICE OF SUGAR.

The American Grocer has come to the lefence of the sugar trust, and argues at nish them to the bucket shops. The judges some length that the advance of 40 per say that the quotations are of such cent. in the price of sugar would have taken should be regarded as public property; trust, because it was caused by a short sup-

It may not be impertment, however, to inquire what has caused the short supply Is it not the shutting down of refineries be supplied with the official quotations. If by the arbitrary order of the trust? Is it not to produce sugar, getting its money back by the increase of price which results from the artificial scarcity?

> If it be true that there is a genuine and natural scarcity of sugar it would seem to be time for somebody to start a few beetsugar refineries here in the Eastern States and set the farmers at work raising sugar beets for this purpose. With cane sugar sel! ing at wholesale for 10 cents a pound the beet-root sugar industry would certainly

The President's Man Friday.

It is evidently the desire of the President that his private secretary shall be a clerk, merely, and not a man of descretion to exlain or construe. That is the best explana tion that can be given of the complete change effected in Mr. Halford by his trans fer from the office of the Indianapolis Journal to the White House. Without losing his courteous manner, he has lost all his communicativeness. He never It is said that the place for a married knows what will be done about anything. woman is at home, and not teaching school. He does not know why anything was done. He is cautious to the utmost degree of He is cautious to the utmost degree of nicety in knowing about anybody for whom something has been done, and is a sphinx as to all questions of administrative policy. But he succeeds admirably as a clerk without repeating the success of his immediate predecessor as a helper of the representatives of the press. He is an early and late man. He shares as much of the confidence of the President as any man in the world can ever expect to. He takes up the correspondence of the olice with the determination to clear away each day's letters on the day received, if pessible. With the feeling, perhaps, of the trained newspaper man, he is averse to permitting anything to get cold on his hands. He is not luxurious in his habits. His work commands his attention all the time. At noon, instead of taking an hour to drive home and eat his luncheon with his family or a friend, he has it served in his office, and at the same time glances over a newspaper or talks with a visitor who must be heard. same time glances over a newspaper or talks with a visitor who must be heard.

Porkopolitan Pleasantries. After Mr. Tooter Bareatone had sung "The Harp that Tears Through Overalls," Mr. Celluloid Dickey asked of the inter-

"William, can you tell me why angels' visits are like Chicago sewers?"
"I don't know, Richard," replied the interlocutor in his rich bass voice; "why are angels' visits like Chicago sewers?"
"Because, sir," replied the comedian, with a mighty effort, "they are—phew! and far hetween." Then, while a solemn hush fell upon the audience, the interlocutor announced that Mr. Laring Geetis would sing "Down Where the Sandwich Blooms."

The Eleventh Commandment.

To mind one's own business, not in the spirit of the priest and the Levite, who passed by on the other side, instead of asting the wounded man on the highway but by refraining from meddling with the affairs of healthy people, by refraining from gossip and scandal, and the circulating of idle reports, from interference between friends or in other people's domestic affairs—if this be the eleventh commandment, who keeps it?

A Question of Etiket.

(Terre Haute Express.)
Correspondence editor—Here's a young woman wants to know whether she should allow her young man to take her arm. I The religious editor-It all depends on



Once upon a time there was a king who, | must all be drunk before tomorrow mornne day, heard some one speaking of a ship ing." I will try," replied Osborn. "Can I have which would sail as well on the land as on the sea. This idea so filled his mind that he declared that he would give his daughter and half his kingdom to any one who would construct such a ship. This declaration was published in all the cities and towns in his kingdom, and reached the ears of three hypothers who lived together in the same of evading his promise, and said to Osborn. "I will try," replied Osborn. "Can I have one of my men to help me!"

"Take them all if you wish."

Osborn went and called his thirsty companion and took him to the cellar, and in a few hours the beer was all consumed.

The king tried to think of some new means of evading his promise, and said to Osborn.

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The king tree me!" which would sail as well on the land as on

brothers who lived together in the same house. The eldest then said to his mother: "Prepare a bag of provisions for me, I am going to the forest to build that ship."

prest he met an old man, who said to him: "Are you going far?" "No. I am going to cut some chips to make plates for my father, who will not eat from the same dish as ourselves."
"Very well; and what have you in your

There is nothing in the bag." "Be it as you have said!" replied the old

The young man entered the forest, axe in hand, and began to cut down a tree. He chopped and he chopped, but he could make nothing but chips. At noon he sat down upon the ground to rest and eat his dinner, but on opening his bag he found nothing in it. Fatigued and discouraged he

The second brother wished in his turn to attempt the building of the ship. His mother gave him a bag of provisions, and full of courage he started for the forest. On the way he met the same old man, who said to him:

'Are you going far?" "No, I am only going to cut some slats to oof in a stable.'

"And what have you in that bag?"
"There is nothing in the bag." "So be it," replied the old man. The second brother entered the forest and set to work. He chopped and sawed, but do what he would, he could make nothing

At noon he sat down to eat his dinner, but when he opened his bag, lo! and behold there was nothing in it; so, worn out and discouraged, he returned home.

The third son, named Osborn, who, on account of his habitual reserve, was deemed ittle better than a fool, declared that he lso wished to attempt to build the ship. His mother and his brother laughed at him and fold him that he was good for nothing except to sit in the chimney corner, crouching over the ashes. But he insisted must get around to all of these within 12 on his mother giving him some provisions, and he sat out for the forest.

"Where are you going?" said the old man "I am going to the forest to try to build a

ship which will sail on the land as well as on the sea. The king has promised to give his daughter and half his kingdom to any-one who will construct such a ship." 'What have you in your bag?'

"Only a few poor provisions; two cakes and a bottle of beer.' "Will you give me a little?"

"Very willingly," replied Osborn kindly, taking the two cakes and the beer from his 'Very well." replied the old man. "Since you have been charitable to me, I will aid you in your work. Cut a piece out of that old oak. Throw the piece behind you, and

then lie down and go to sleep." mportance to the public that they place just the same if there had been no awake until the old man called to him and

have a very singular appetite. "Oh!" replied the fellow, "I am so hungry

that nothing can satisfy me. Will you take me with you on your ship?" This strange individual got aboard bring-

ing a large supply of rocks with him.

A little further on he saw a man lying pon the ground with a large piece of bark

What on earth are you doing there? said Osborn.
"Oh!" replied the stranger, "I am se thirsty, and, as I cannot get beer or wine, I am sucking this bark to assuage my thirst,

Vill you take me with you in your ship?" Willingly. And the thirsty fellow got aboard with his

A short distance further a man appeared stretched at full length upon the earth. "What are you doing there?" asked Os-

"I am listening," he replied, "to the grass growing. Will you take me with you?' Still further on he saw a man gazing into

space at some imperceptible object.
"What are you doing?" asked Osborn. "I am exercising my eyesight. It is so reat that I can hit a mark at the other end

of the world. Will you take me with you?" A little farther on a man appeared who was leaping on one leg and who had a weight of 700 pounds attached to the other leg. "Why do you walk in such a strange

fashion?" asked Osborn. "Because I am so light that if I did not carry this weight on one of my legs I should e carried in a few moments to the end o the universe. Will you take me with you?

Last of all, he met a man who was clutch ing his throat with both his hands. "What is your idea in holding on to you throat so?" asked Osborn.

"I have inside me." replied this new per onage, "seven summers and fourteen win If all those escaped from my mouth at the same time, you can imagine what a terrible state of affairs would be produced. Will you take me with you?

Osborn and his companions finally arrived at the palace of the king. He went to seek the monarch and told bim that he had brought him a ship which would sail upon the land as easily as upon the sea, and asked to marry his daughter. But the valiant little navigator was not a

handsome fellow, and the king was not anxous to have him for a son-in-law. "My boy," he said, "in order to marry my daughter it is not enough that you have brought me the ship. I have still some-

thing more to demand of you. You must show me what you can do. Before evening you must devour 300 boxes of salt meat which I have packed up in one of m

departed, and as he was entering the

The king tried to think of some new means of evading his promise, and said to Osborn:

"I must have in ten minutes a flagon of water from the end of the world. It you accomplish this task my daughter and half my kingdom are yours."

Osborn called the man he had met leaping on one leg and told him what the king had said.

The marvellous runner detached the weight from his other leg, gave a spring and disappeared.

But four, five, six minutes passed and he did not return. In a few moments the time fixed by the king would expire.

Osborn in his anxiety had recourse to his companion who had heard the grass growing. He ordered him to place his ear to the ground and listen.

"Ah!" cried the man our comrade is asleep beside the spring. I can hear him snoring, and I also hear a Troll who is amusing himself by braiding his hair."

Osborn then called the hunter who could shoot to the end of the world, and ordered him to kill the Troll. The hunter gave only one glance of the eye and fired. The Troll uttered a cry of pain. The runner awoke, filled a flagon at the spring, and in one minute he was back again.

Osborn having thus satisfied all the king's demands again asked for his reward. But he was so plain and ugly that the king could not make up his mind to give him his daughter. He still sought a means of escaping from his engagement, and finally said to the patient youth:

"Listen to my last proposition: I have here 300 cords of wood which I am going to burnt to dry grain for making beer. If you will go to the place where this wood is piled up and remain there until it is entirely consumed. I swear to you that you shall have my daughter and half my kingdom."

"Can I," asked Osborn, "take with me one of my companions?"

vish."
Osborn called the man who had on his breast seven summers and 15 winters. In he evening both entered the building where the frightful fire was burning, and, n order that they might not escape the king closed the door behind them, and locked it accurate.

"Ah!" said Osborn, "a few winters would be very welcome just now."

His companion exhaled about half a dozen, and the place became so cold that he had to let out two summers to keep them from freezing, after which they both went to sleep before the fire in a most agreeable atmosphere.

The next morning they heard the king mlocking the door. "Give him a winter ull in the face," cried Osborn.

No sooner said than done, and the king, learly frozen to death, begged for mercy.

"Will you keep your promise this time?" isked Osborn.

asked Osborn.

"Yes. Yes. But don't let me freeze to death!" cried the shivering king.
So Osborn married the princess. The wedding was solemnized with great splendor, and the good little youth, who had been kind to the old man, lived happily ever

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

A FAIRY TALE.

lived a happy boy. His father was a shep-herd, and was greatly esteemed by the whole village. His mother spun, wove and dyed wool. She had made him a pretty osborn obeyed. In his sleep it seemed to little blue jacket which he always wore, and all the neighbors called him "Little"

"Will you also take my sister Azula?" asked the child.

"No, I cannot do that." "Then I will not go with you. I will not eave my sister to travel on the king's most

eautiful ship. So the children remained in their little house among the hills. Little Boy Blue entered the service of a farmer by whom his father had been employed, as a shepherd. he was active, intelligent and obedient, and the farmer obliged him to do all sorts of menial work, and paid him but very little. That little, however, was sufficient to provide food for his sister and himself, so he

was content. One day his dear Azula fell sick. He could not care for her during the day, but as soon as his work was ended he hastened o her and watched by her bedside all night le took no repose until she felt better, and he was about worn out.

One morning his master found him under a haystack, fast asleep. The brave little fellow had tried to work, but he was so wearied by his many sleepless nights, that his eyes had closed in spite of himself. The ruel farmer pitilessly discharged him, saying that he wanted no idlers on his farm. The poor boy, almost heart broken, eturned to his sister and told her what had happened. Without employment, without

resources, how could they live? Sweet Azula tried to console him, telling him not to be discouraged; that, as everyone knew his good qualities, he would easily find a master kinder than the one who had so brutally dismissed him.

The next day Little Boy Blue went off to seek employment. He modestly presented himself at the houses of several farmers, but his requests were all refused. One had too many servants; another thought he was too young; a third asked him suspiciously why his master had turned him off. For several days Little Boy Blue persisted in his efforts, but every evening he returned

ome sad at heart, having found nothing. 'Have patience, dear brother," said Azula, tenderly: "I am sure that you will succeed; and, in the mean time, as I am quite well again, I am going to set to work. Our dear mother taught me to spin. I will spin, and I can easily make all that is necessary."
She was not so certain of her success

sweet little Azula. Fortunately she had a little money with which to provide for the daily needs of the little household. But at the commencement of winter it was all gone, and little Boy Blue had found nothing One day, as he was returning from a farm nouse where he had once more vainly

Suddenly he heard a soft voice, which "Come, come, little Boy Blue; the king of the elves wishes you to take care of his

stone by the roadside. He was so sad that

which I have packed up in one of my barns."

"I will try," said Osborn, "but may I take one of my men to help me?"

"Take your whole crew if you like," replied the king, who did not believe it possible that such a task could be accomplished in so short a time.

Osborn went and sought the man whom he had meteating granite, and set him at work. In a few hours the 300 boxes of meat were all devoured.

Osborn then announced to the king that his orders had been accomplished, and demanded his daughter's hand.

This was a new embarrassment for the king, who had promised, but did not wish to fulfil his promise.

"I must try you still further," he said. "I have in my cellar 300 casks of beer. They

on both sides were climbing plants and long branches of ferns. Farther on the path grew still narrower and the light of heaven disappeared in the increasing gloom. But the two silvery wings of their little guide lighted up the place, and the two children followed, and, finally, entered a grotto, so completely concealed that no human eye could ever have discovered it. Beyond this grotto they stopped, dumb with amazement. What a spectacle! A dazzling light perfumed woods, fields covered with howers, lakes blue as the heaven itself. It was fairyland: it was the kingdom of the elves. Near a silvery stream was a flock of sheep as white as snow, and on a throne of moss, under a canopy of roses, sat the king and the queen of the elves. Little Boy Blue and his sister uttered shouts of joy and clapped their hands on seeing all these beautiful things. Their guide invited them to follow hum, and led them before the royal throne. Little Boy Blue took off his hat and made a low bow.

The king said to him: "Little Boy Blue. I know that you work faithfully and that you have a dear little sister. Will you remain here and tend my sheep? You shall be well fed and well dressed and no one will be unkind to you."

"Oh! thank you," cried Little Boy Blue, "I accept with pleasure."

Then the queen, turning to Azula, said: "And what do you know how to do, my beautiful child?"

"I know how to spin."

The queen ordered a distaff and a spinning wheel to be brought, and Azula at once gave a striking proof of her ability. Little Boy Blue was appointed first shepherd to the king, and his sister first spinner to the queen.

The elves applauded these appointments, and the two gentle orphans contented to on both sides were climbing plants and long branches of ferns. Farther on the path

to the queen.

The elves applauded these appointments, and the two gentle orphans, contented to be together and to do their duty, lived long and happily in fairyland.

FOUCHT HIS LITTLE NIBS.

merican Small Boy Who Didn't Respect the Prince's Position. Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore in July St. Niel

When he was only 7 years old Princ Haru had an unexpected wrestling match with a small American boy of his own age. Given it up, my boy. There may be some fun in it, but I can take the extra money it t was at a school entertainment at Tokio and it began by Prince Haru's noticing that the young American kept on his Tam o' Shanter cap in the princely presence. Go and tell that boy to take off his nat!" ordered the small prince to his aide-

ing. He ordered him to place his ear to the ground and listen.

"Ah!" cried the man. our comrade is asleep beside the spring. I can hear him snoring, and I also hear a Troll who is amusing himself by braiding his hair."

Osborn then called the hunter who could shoot to the end of the world, and ordered him to kill the Troll. The hunter gave only one glance of the eye and fired. The Troll uttered a cry of pain. The runner awoke, filled a flagon at the spring, and in one minute he was back again.

Osborn having thus satisfied all the king demands, again asked for his reward. But he was so plain and ugly that the king could not make up his mind to give him his daughter. He still sought a means of escaping from his engagement, and finally said to the patient youth:

"Listen to my last proposition: I have here 300 cords of wood which I am going to burn to dry grain for making beer. If you will go to the place where this wood is piled up and remain there until it is entirely consumed. I swear to you that you shall have my daughter and half my kingdom."

"Can I," asked Osborn, "take with me need my companions?"

"Certainly, you can take them all, if you wish."

Osborn called the man who had on his

said the pompous princeling, frowning at his suite, tightening his little sword belt and strutting up and down like a young game cock.

The tableaux and exercises went on quietly after the prelude, and when suppertime came, Prince Haru was seen eating pink and white ice cream elbow to elbow with his late opponent, and gallantly feeding his own sponge cake and eclairs to the opponent's pretty little yellow-haired sister.

ONLY AN INDIAN WOMAN,

But She Was Not Afraid of a Wild Beast When Others Ran Away.

[New York Press.]

Here is an account of the brave deed of an Oneida Indian woman, whose courage seems only equalled by her pride of race:

Driving into the fields one day where her husband and others were at work, she encounterd a log lying across the road in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an axe she had in the wagon.

To her surprise she found she had distance in the wagon.

The same cottage that year that he did the vear before. You should have seen him look at me."

What was the trouble with him?"

"What was the trouble with him?"

"What was the trouble with him?"

"What was the trouble with him?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing to speak of. He said he had 'financial gripes'—whatever that me did the vear before. You should have seen him look at me."

"What was the trouble with him?"

"And you forgave him and took him back, like a sighearted man?"

"Yes, I forgave him and took him back, like a sensible man; and from that day on until now I have followed his example."

"You have to work and questioned him closely, and at-last he made a full and free confession of all his faults."

"Yes, I forgave him and took him back, like a sighle man; and from that day on until now I have followed his example."

"You have to work and over him and took him stealing from you. or doctoring the accounts, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir. I caught him will not listen another see here; I am not used to guessing

in the wagon.

To her surprise she found she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more frightened than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their firearms. Finding them, she conducted her relief party quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned.

When all were stationed ready for action she again used her axe on the log and the bear made her second appearance, this time angry and vengeful. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped his gun, and with all his other masculine companions took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated beast with only an axe for defence, the Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough and letting the axe fall with

Osborn obeyed. In his sleep it seemed to him that he could hear sawing, chopping and hammering going on. But he did not awake until the old man called to him and said:

"There is your ship already built; you can depart and make up your crew out of the different men you will meet."

The young adventurer cordially thanked his benefactor, spread the sails of the ship and started on his voyage. After sailing a long time he met a tall, thin fellow who was eating granite.

"It seems to me," said Osborn, "that you have a very singular appetite."

In the daytime he helped his father drive the sheep to pasture, and in the evening he played with his sister, who was younger than he, and whom he loved very dearly, and he was so kind and gentle that everyone was delighted to see him.

But, one cold winter, his father died, and, a short time after, the mother died also. The two children remained alone in the world. They had an uncle, who was captain of a sailing vessel, and he offered to take Little Boy Blue with him on his ship.

"Will you also take my sister Azula?"

THEY ARE TOO NUMEROUS.

Valley of the Ganges the Most Dense ly Populated Spot on Earth. This valley of the Ganges has more per ole than it can support, and it is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages, and the average country town consists of one-story nud huts, too poor and illy ventilated for American pig pens. You would not think of having such outhouses as the resilences of the majority of this vast popula-

think of having such outhouses as the residences of the majority of this vast population would make, and in a large part of India, and especially in the best part of this Ganges country, the holdings average from two to three acres apiece. At four to the family this represents a half acre per person of over 1200 persons to the square mile.

When it is remembered that these people live by agriculture it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of Chuna or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright. They are brainy, too, and you will find few sharper business men, better cut faces and more polite people than these people of India. Their faces in this part of India have much the same characteristics as those of the Anglo-Saxon. Those of the Briest castes are more like those of the firest castes are more like those of the highest castes are more like those of the skin were white, any American might be proud to own. They belong to the same training and Christian influences they would be strong competitors with us.

But what can a man do on six cents a day, or how can a man learn when he has well as he did when he lived at the beach, and that it don't cost him half as much.

"Well, I thoughtitover. If it were good for me, too. For years I had sent my family to a seaside cottage down in Ma ne, going thither every Saturday night to stay over Sunday, and coming back to the city bright and early Monday morning, often taking the mid had never thought about how season. I had never thought about how season. I had never thought about how season. I had never thought about how sand that it don't cost him half as much.

"Well, I thoughtitover. If it were good for he seaso the soud of the sea of the product of the season train it should be good for me, too. For years I had sent my family to a seaside cottage down in Ma ne, going thither every Saturday night to stay over Sunday, and coming back to the city bright and early Monday morning, often taking the train in thought to stay over Sunday, and coming ba would be strong competitors with us.

But what can a man do on six cents a day, or how can a man learn when he has to struggle to exist? The population of India is continually increasing. England eats the lion's share of the products of the country, and though the people are perhaps better off under her government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of the wealth going to the rulers and the people working their flesh off their bones to support them. The Governor-ceneral of India, who by the way is the rich Marquis of Lansdowne, gets \$100 000 a year. Quite a contrast with the waves of the masses at six cents a day! Isn't it?

Why Women Don't Like Jokes.

Women as a rule are not fond of jokes they listen to clever stories with stimulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason of this lies in one of the essentials of the make-up of woman-her pro-found and tender sympathy. Humor deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes pibles and punctures tender skin. Humorets the world laughing at some blunder of a man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. porists they would not

If women were humorists they would not the most earnest church workers, the ost tender of nurses and the most senti ental and refined portion of humanity he same inherent quality which would be same inherent quality with the same inherent quality which would be same inherent quality with the same inherent quality wi The same inherent quality which would make a true woman a real woman, sixink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or as soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humorist. Wit a woman may have, wit she does possess, and is a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and sattre. But humorous in the common acceptation of the term, in the careless, rollicking, stringing art of current quips and jests—never. rent quips and jests -never.

Fell Dead Over Her Husband's Grava. A sad spectacle has just been witnessed in

the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. A young widow whose husband, to whom she had been married only a fortnight, was being buried, suddenly fell back just as the body was being lowered into the grave. She was taken up and carried to one of the porter's ledges in the cemetery, but she died before medical assistance could be procured. Like her husband, she had fallen a victim to disease of the heart. She was only 10 years of age, and her husband was 25. handsome young lady, who tapped him on his shoulder and asked: "Is this the safest road to heaven?" The young woman per-sisted that she was in search of the safest

Also To Have Comfort and Good Living.

How a Wealthy Merchant Learned a Lesson from His Clerk.

He Rents His Cottage by the Sea Now and Saves Lots of Money.

Gold, gold, gold, gold;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Borrowed, bartered, bought and sold,
Spurned by young and hugged by old
To the very verge of the church yard mould;
Gold, gold, gold, gold.

Heavy to get and light to hold. Few people who go out of town for the nummer stop to think of the expense which such trips entail. A GLOBE reporter went down to the Point of Pines on the ever glorious "Fourth," and had one of Charlie Thayer's famous fish dinners at the "Goodwood." Of course he was served with all the dainties of the season, and among other things was treated to a few scraps of conversation, which was going on between two gentlemen at an adjoining table. Like the eporter, they were only "transient" guests. nd, like him, they seemed to want all they could get for their money.

"Out of town this year?" asked the ounger of his companion. 'N-no, only just as you see me to-day.

costs and have a better time right at home."
"How's that?" Cottages are cheap this year, and board at the hotels is not so high that you or I cannot reach it. I had always supposed that you were one of the regular summer migrants.

For men may come, and men may go.

Por men may come, and men may go,
But you go on for ever.
"Hardly." was the reply. "I used to be,
but my head clerk has Taught Me a Lesson,

and after this I am going to follow his "How's that?" "It was this way. I pay him \$2000 a year.

He has nobody but himself and his wife to care for, and, as he is temperate and economical, he can live in pretty good style. In fact, I think he dresses better than I do, and his home is one of the neat-st and best appointed I have seen. Four years ago he closed up his flat in a family hotel at the South End, and took a cottage at Great Head. I noticed that his fail suit was not on hand in time, but thought he had been playing the races, and did not mention the fact to him until the next spring, when I asked him if he were going to rent the same cottage that year that he did the vear before. You should have seen him look at me." conomical, he can live in pretty good style

lluminations for style... eceptions for ditto.....

Total.

"Wall thought if your live a well as he did when it country and finds and the scarce at well at the scarce at the country and in the city, and on meats, fish and vegetables nearly double what he would have to pay in Faneuil Hall market. He spoke to the traders about it, and they at once said he was right, and claimed they must charge an extra price, because they could trade but a few months in a year and must live like other people. The sargument was unanswerable.

"The result was that he found the practice of going out of town in the summer too expensive for him, and concluded to stay at home from that time on. Since then he takes his wife away on an ocean excursion every few weeks, gives her a fish dinner now and then, takes frequent horse car rides out into the country, and finds he gets along as well as he did when he lived at the beach, and that it don't cost him half as much.

"Wall I thought it over. If it were good 'In other words, here were about \$120

mind.
"I would go to the seaside no more for the season. If my family needed an outing I would take them away for a day or a weel now and then, but I would waste no more money in wooing the saline zenthyrs, electors.

I would take them away for a day or a week now and then, but I would waste no more money in wooing the saline zephyrs, et cetera.

Two years ago I gave notice that my cottage on the Maine seashore was for rent. In less than a week I had a tenant who paid me \$1200 for the season. With that movey I built a new cottage which I rented last year for \$1200, so that in the year of our Lord 1889 I have feur cottages at that beach, which rent for \$1200 aniece, all saved by staying at home. Of course, a little matter of \$4800 a year does not amount to much, if you say it quick, but, if my good luck holds next year I shall have rentals of \$9600 a year, and so on, doubling up until I see no limit to the investment.

"Please remember this was only an experiment intended to be tried for one season. It succeeded so well that I have been at it ever since, and shall keep on so long as I live, I hope. To be sure, the place is a popular one, and I own some fine house lots in that locality, or else I could not get \$1200 a year for cottages that cost only \$1200 to build. But you must remember that lumber is cheap down in Maine, and in the winter you can hire carpenters for a song almost. So I am enabled to double my cash every year, and find my seashore property the best of any investment I have.

"My gain is the loss of somebody. I know that full well. There are hosts of people who will strive and pinch and grind all winter and fall for the sake of making a butterfly spread for a few months in the summer. I used to be counted among that class. I am done with it. Boston is fully good enough for me, summer and winter. When I was a boy, and had to work 12 or 15 hours a day, I found no fault with the climate. I am as healthy now as I was then. It is all a matter of sentiment. What are you taking, Mumm's or Grenoh?"

Coming back on the cars the reporter noticed many of the clod beach habitues among the passengers. They had lived at the hotels and cottages last year, and this season they were contented to stay in Boston. Yet the hotels

Year.
The old patrons have gone back to their homes, and the new ones have come in to fill their places. That is all. Driven Crazy by a Dream

One of the officials in the Broad street station was startled on Friday noon by a

Magnificent Home of the Czar of Russia on Neva's Banks. [Theodore Child in July Harpers'.]

WINTER PALACE.

road to heaven, and had been told that the Pennsylvania railroad was one of them. She began a rambling sort of a story about her wings and other ce estial topics, but was interrupted by an elderly lady and young man, who led her away. They said she was Miss Moilie Robbins, a young Chicago lady of wealthy family. She had lost her reason lecause of the Consmaugh lake dam, imagining that her betrothed was swept away by the flood. Curiously her dream occurred during the night preceding the flood. The g niteman whom she believed to be lost is alive and now in Johnstown, whither she was being taken by advice of a physician, who suggested that the scenes in the wrecked town and the meeting with her betrothed might restore her reason.

The initiative of the Russians in art and in civilization is limited. Hitherto they have displayed greater aptitude for copying than for original conception; and even for their copies they have had recourse western artists. particularly to Italian architects like Quarenghi, Rossi and Count Rastrelli. The last is responsible both for the inside and the outside of the winter palace. This enormous structure was begun in 1732, finished in 1762, partly burned in 1837, but rebuilt in 1839 from the original drawings. It is a broad, rectangular block, four stories, or about 80 feet high, with a frontage 455 feet in length and a breadth of 350 feet, one facade parallel with the Neva, another looking toward the

admiralty, the third facing the vast Alex-

with the Neva, another looking toward the admiralty, the third facing the vast Alexder place, and the fourth—bind—facade backing up to the adjoining Hermitage palace, with which it communicates by means of a covered bridge.

The proportions of this place are not commendable; the style of architecture is very bombastic rocco; the decoration is overcharged with statues, caryatides, flower pots, grenades and trumpery accessories; the cheap stucco surface of its facades—mercilessly broken up by pilasters, water spouts and windows, so that the eye nowhere finds repose—is washed with a brownish red terra cotta color picked out with a lighter tone of yellow. The iron roof is painted red. The cutside of this palace is absolutely without charm or merit of any kind; its only claim to notice is its immensity, which, by the way, according to Russian notions is a very considerable claim. The interior is a saddening example of the bad taste which seems to characterize crowned heads of all nations, whether the Russian Czar, the Turkish Sultan, the German Emperor or the British sovereign. The ornamentation is for the most part in rampageous rocalle style, bright burnished gold on whitewash or white imitation marble. Our nen absolutely refused to describe the sham splen or of the imperial apartments, with their modern French polished furniture and vile wood carying, their massive screens glazed with numple glass, their wall hangings of yellow and white or rose and green satm.

The malachite room, the Pompeiian room, the Mauresque bathroom likewise failed to transport us with admiration. The corner that pleased us best was Peter the Great's throne room, whose walls were hung with soft red velvet embroidered with golden eagles. The St. George's hall, a parallelogram 140x60 feet, adorned with Corinthian columns of real white marble with gilt bases and capitals, is also a fine room, perhaps the finest in the whole palace. The white hall, the golden hall and the Nicholas hall are chillingly white show rooms, which require the animat

nies and balls and the glitter of lights and diamonds in order to give them a picturesque interest. Finally we may notice the state entrance to the palace from the Neva quay, called ambassadors' stairs, of white Carrara marble, and the vestibule, richly decorated and gilded with renaissance ornaments and statuary. This staircase and the St. George's hall are the only two parts of the winter palace that present an aspect of real grandeur and majesty.

The Size of Heaven.

The 21st chapter of Revelations gives the leasurement. The most interesting cal-Sharkley, a measurer of vessels in the Bose ton custom house. He takes the statement in Revelations xxi. and figures it out thus;
"And he measured the city with the reed

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Globe Building,

Boston, Mass.

A WOMEN'S LOYALTY.

Respect for Human Nature.

rule of life, And was often deferential when it wasn't quite es-

When his business up and bursted, and his credito

And at his wife's demising with a courtesy surpris-ing, he responded "Dead, I thank you!" to the question of a friend.

What I write is but a sample of the daily bright example which he set to show how life by proper

New Boston Music. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s list of music for this

ssues. It opens with a pot pourri of F. von

to be sung everywhere. It is already very widely known and is often called for, 35

Very Lonesome.

sign my petition for a consular appoint-

Mr. Statesman—It wouldn't do any good—too many applicants ahead of you. Haven't you any "friend at court?"
Citizen (sadly)—No; no one but Blaine,

Wise Innocence.

Mrs. Debit—I hear that your office is to be closed early on Saturdays during the sum-

mer, John.
Mr. Debit—Yes, dear; and I'm jolly glad of it, too!
Mrs. Debit—Well, now, don't you think you'll have a chance now to balance up your books on Saturday afternoons, instead of keeping me worrying half the night?

[Judge.]

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

[Fliegende Blaetter.

[Lawrence American.]

Pardon Us if We Object. [Lowell Courier.]

gretted such an end;

alack! is long deceased.

MARKETS AT DAWN.

It is dawn. An orange band lies in the east low down upon the misty horizon, and a few faint golden arrows of light shoot up toward the zenith, giving promise of a hot day to come, though now all is so dark and chill and clammy.

ong the streets leading to the Quincy market comes the roar of numberless wheels and the clatter of uncounted hoofs, while the jolt of heavy wagons and the vigorous crack of active whips tell the listener that the country marketmen are coming in with their produce and will soon take up stands along the curbstones and cry their wares until their voices are hoarse and their faces red from the over-exercise of

Now comes the scamper for places, for position in marketing. like that in drill and dancing, is everything. Two hours ago a little square rod of pavement was not worth the tenth part of a mill, and even the meanest beggar in Boston would not look a second time at it: but now it is a treasure and the man who gets there first is chuck-ling in his sleeves, while his 20 or more unucky rivals are swearing in theirs, all because they happened to be a few minutes' or a few seconds late in reaching the points

red-faced habitue of the market, as he sits on the seat of his wagon and finds another

team in the place he occupied yesterday.

No reply is made by the possessor. He arranging his wares, so busy, in fact, that he does not even look up at his questioner. The evicted tenant grows purple as to his phiz, and going up and taking the occupant

by the collar, yells out:
"See here, greeny, are you deaf or dumb or blind or foolish?" 'Not much-no sonny. Why? Does it run in your family?" 'You diriy blackguard, no. But you must

And Get Out Now.

If you don't I'll put you out."
"Guess not. Ef I knows myself I'm here for today, and I'd like to see you make me move. You'd better go home and wash your face and hands. The people would buy your stuff quicker." An angry oath, a whip raised high in the air, a rushing crowd of late roysterers and early newsboys, and in comes a policeman to settle the dispute. The contestants are held by friends and chafe angrily to get

way, and the small boys yell, "Go in, hayseed, hammer the tar out of him," while everybody laughs. The police man listens attentively. He is chief arbitrator in this muddle, and knows just how to deal with both sides. After making in, a duty, by the way, which he never performs, he lays down the law after this

don't you know, that the feller who gets here first stays here as long as he wants to. backed up (pointing to the earlier comer) and you (making motion to the later one), and you don't seem to have any place at all. So you had better go on and mind your own business, or I'll pull you up to the station and take you to court and have you fined." The red-faced man goes off cursing his luck and anathemizing the poor alarm clock which failed to wake him up in time to get

'Blest if I don't keep a wagon here all the time," he says, as he goes to seek a new stand, and the policeman saunters away to settle a dispute further down North Market

street.

An old woman with two baskets of eggs and a son of Erin who is trying to load up his pushcart with lobsters are having a dispute about the right of eminent domain which each claims to have over a bit of sidewalk in front of a liquor saloon. "Git out of this wid yer rotten eggs. ye ould scold," says the Celt, blustering up to her. "I must be after puttin' on me red fish an 'gittin' away, whin yez can sell all the bad chickens ye hev for all o' the likes o' me."

o'me."
"Go away." says the woman. "I disgust Irishman, and you are the worst looking one I ever saw in my life."
A flush mounted to the face of the lobs er man and he looks mad, but he restrains because it is a say of the looks and the looks mad.

hain and he looks mad, but he restrains himself and says:

"Ef yez was not a woman, an' a dirty, homely ould woman at that, I'd fix yez so yer folk wudn't know the remains, so I wud. Oh. it's lucky for yez that yez seck protects yez, so it be, so it be."

Again the policeman appears, and

Spreads Bis Oleaginous Tongue over the troubled waters of national dis-

say. A dollar and a half, if you must have "Give you 50 cents."
"Go way. I'll stay here all day. and go home and have a mess for supper, and then sell them tomorrow for a dollar and a quarter. You

markans at Jawn.

From Call of Cats to the Clatter of Carts.

Men and Women Who Feed the Big and Hungry City.

Men and Women Who Feed the Big and Hungry City.

Tricks of the Trade That Are Sometimes Practised.

A gray mist hangs over Boston harbor. It clings to the bare spars of the shipping likeglue, and spreads out over the bay like a heavy coat of lace thrown down over the waters by the fairies of night. Not only this, but it creeps up the streets and alleys along the snore front and fills all the spaces between the buildings with an attenuated moisture that is too heavy for fog and that seems like the chost of some great rainstorm come back to haunt the scenes of its former visitations. The stone paves ments are damp and sticky and the bricks of the sidewalks are so slippery that a person has to walk with care for fear he may fall down on the glassy surface.

It is dawn. An orange band lies in the east low down upon the misty horizon, and a few faint golden arrows of light shoot up a fall down on the glassy surface.

It is dawn. An orange band lies in the east low down upon the misty horizon, and a few faint golden arrows of light shoot up and all the making the streets echo with the streets can and and now they are locking them our the part of the streets of the sidewalks are so slippery that a person has to walk with care for fear he may fall down on the glassy surface.

It is dawn. An orange band lies in the east low down upon the misty horizon, and a few faint golden arrows of light shoot up

Fresh ripe strawberries; fo' boxes fur a q'v'arter. All this time the marketmen are selling strawberries for 10 cents a box, or three boxes for a quarter, and the snur boarding-house keepers buy of the street venders because they sell cheaper, and then wonder why their boarders are taken with summer complaints and

Want to Move Out

of town for fresh air.

This haste for money causes strange con-

Never murmur nor repine. Their wares come in from a thousand dif-ferent avenues all concentrating To this Grand Vortex.

Great four-horse wagons from Brighton, mutton and veal, come lumbering down the streets attentively. He is chief arbitator in this muddle, and knows just low to deal with both sides. After making everal ominous threats to pull both parties in, a duty, by the way, which he never performs, he lays down the law after this ashion:

"All along this 'ere sidewalk it is the rule, it is the rul mutton and veal, come lumbering down the Soston live.
It is wonderful to notice with how much

Boston live.

It is wonderful to notice with how much system everything is conducted around the market. Not a box is out of place, not an apple or an egg falls to the ground without the notice of its owner. And all these men here, side by side in their narrow stalls, are rivals. Every man knows that an extra pound of beef or another box of strawberries sold means so much more profit for him, and money not health, is what he is working for; and yet you may wander from stall to stall and lose yourself among whole cemeteries of dead hogs, slaughtered cattle and massacred sheen, and the prices asked when you started out were the same as they are now, that your legs ache from walking and your ears are tired from hearing the same old story told over and over again.

The market restaurant! What a host of pictures it calls up. Was ever chop so sweet and ender, was ever coffee so "gratefuland comforting" as here? It makes no odds whether you go to the place where you can get "a good breakfast for 25 cents" or imp higher where meals are "served on the European plan," it is all the same, for "hunger is the best sauce," and a long ride or a long stroll in the early dawn, when the air is cool and filled with oxygen is certain to send the blood bounding through the arteries with new vigor and bring the blush of health to cheeks usually wan and sunken.

Dyspensa is an unknown ill around the markets. The habitues of these stalls and stores eat to live, and eat because they are hungry and feel the need of victuals.

No Mincing and Picking

No Mineing and Picking

Spreads Ris Oleaginous Tongue
over the troubled waters of national dispute. He helps the lobster man to load his
cart as fast as possible, and tells him he
ought to be ashamed to make such talk to
a woman.

"I know it, yer honor," is his reply, "but
the has a dirty tongue, and I most forzot
an hour will be singing."

He-a-lob, huy-a-lob, lob-a-lob,
He-a-lob, huy-a-lob, lob-a-lob,
The-a-lob, huy-a-lob, lob-a-lob,
In the meanwhile the policeman has told
the old woman to behave herself and not
make such a rumpus on the streets, or he
will have her put out of the market. She
shorth End, and promises to behave. Then
she begins to cry:
"Freeh-laid eggs from my own farm in
Brookine. Every egg in these baskets laid
yesterday by my own hens. Get new eggs
from the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are fro only
about the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm. and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm, and don't make youself six
sating lined eggs from my own farm in
Brookline. Every egg in these baskets laid
them all. The fact is, she bought
these same eggs from an unfortunate
of the same eggs from an unfortunate
about sating lined eggs. Here they are for only
about the farm, and how she is trying of
the same eggs from an unfortunate
of the same eggs from an unfortunate
about an an eggs from an unfortunate
of the farm and power the same
in the sought and the surgel of them
all. The fact is, she bought
here as a product of her own hen's labors.
Her hens are a myth, She lives at the
swort limits of the same eggs from an unfortunate
of the same eggs from an unfortunate
of t and turning up of nose here. "Go in, boys, and get all you can in the shortest time," is

(Chamber's Journal.)
The way thimbles are made in England of the different sizes are used, into which the metal, whether gold, silver or steel, is

BABY'S HEALTH

sired size a thin piece of sheet iron. This is brought to a red heat, piaced over a graduated hole in an iron bench and hammered down mto it with a punch. This hole is the form of the thimble. The iron takes its shape and is removed from the hole. The little indentations to keep the needle from slipping are made in it, and all the other finishing strokes of the perfect thimble put on it. The iron is then made into steel by process pecuhar to the French thimble maker.

placed at any time. Nowhere else in the world are gold thimbles made in that way NEW ENGLAND'S CROPS.

The Weather Not the Best, but Every.

The New England Meteorological Society in its regular weekly weather crop bulletin, New England there was but little sunshine, cept in New Hampshire, but no damage

part of the week proved most timely and beneficial to vegetation. Corn made remarkably good progress in all parts of the district. In Connecticut rye is ready to harvest and the crop will be above the average. There has been too much rain and too little sunshine for hav-making. The excessive precipitation has not been so injurious as the lack of sunshine and generally muggy weather. In many places through central New Hampshire and western Maine, the cut crop has lain so long that grass has grown through the swaths. In the central Connecticut valley, hav that had been cocked was injured by the excessive moisture. In southern New Hampshire it is estimated that one-quarter of the first quality hay has been changed to second

country nowadays are great sticklers for the observance of the code of ethics, and this code discountenances advertising in all its forms. All the same, the surgeon in the smaller places rarely performs even the most trivial operation without accidentally dropping a word or two in the hearing of the local reporter, and should the paper chance to say that "Tom Jones fooled with a buzz saw, Dr. Pilbox dressed the wound, and Lane is doing as well as could be expected under the skilful treatment," why, of course, the doctor can't help that. He is very much abnoyed, to be sure, but the thing is done.

At the amputation above mentioned were present Drs. A, B, C and D, and the enterprising newsgather for the Weekly Hustler found the operation a veritable bonanza for his paper, and wrote it up in great style. Unfortunately he omitted the name of old Dr. D from his account, and the old doctor, upon meeting him a few days later, "turned him over" in great shape for his alleged discourtesy. The newspaper man made every apology and promised faithfully to make amends in the Hustler of the week following, and this is the way in which he did it: "In our account of the amputation in last week's issue we inadvertently omitted the name of Dr. D. We have since been informed that the doctor was one of the leading surgeons in the case and assisted very materially in the operation. The patient died last night at 8 o'clock."

THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

[E. H. R. in Indianapolis Journal.] That is hers, little rosebud, you are; And as fair and as pure as the first shining star, That apart and above, through the twilight a glean Like my lady doth seem."

In the heart of my rose, This then I say to the hud: "O never again will I thoughtlessly judge Aught alike, but will seek first to know Of the secrets in hiding below. For I mind me 'twas only a wind breath of fate That inclosed me the heart of my lady, afreight With such wealth of the purest and best

to collect himself and assume his usual courteous manner.

The lady proceeded to state that she had a considerable fortune, but that, from some unaccountable reason, she had been unable to find a bushand to her liking. She ended by asking, "Now, don't you think you could find me a good party, sir?"

"Ah, yes, madam!" said the agent, very politely. "There's no telling: there may be a olind man in at any moment!"

An Apology from the Heart.

Herr von Griff-It vos named, by mein gross-fader, der casdle of Scheinderblitzens-

A Poor Doctor. Stranger-Do you know Dr. Haines? Farmer-Know 'im some.
"Is he a good doctor, do you think?" rcommerdation erbout 'im.' knowledge. I suppose?"
'Reckon I do. I went arter 'im when my cow was buckeyed and he wouldn't come case ole Bill Barnes's wife 'us sick, and he had ter go an' see her. Jest let my cow die an' didn't seem to keer none er tall."

pore old mammy drownded by habbin' it bust? Clearout, yo' wuffess nigger! An Important Point. [Harpers Bazar.]

"It didn't say how to get the \$2500," It Depends on the Cirl.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)
The very young gentleman I spoke of as fan inquiring tone of mind has put another poser.
"Which is the longest, a mile or an hour?" A Woman Milliner, of Course.

A milliner says that every woman who ever tried on a bonnet in her store first said by way of preparation: "My hair isn't fixed right." They Will Probably Make Him Mad.

Things to Do and Not to Do for Your Infant.

> How, When and Where He Should Sleep, What He Should Eat.

Sound Advice for the Young to Paste in again Their Scrapbooks.

The tollowing rules about things one must never do to a young child, are given by experienced medical men in one of the nurses. Every grown person ought to know

them "by heart; Never pat it hard. Never trot it violently, bringing the heel down

Never give it an empty feeding bottle to suck or a rag or any such thing.

Keep it from sucking its thumbs.

Do not unnecessarily put your finger in its mouth.

Do not in feeding try to make it eat by first puting the spoon in your own mouth.

No not blow the food to cool it; the breath is often

Never roll the towel up in hard knots or twist i

always use the softest of cloths.

In bathing a child, never let the water run into its ears by putting its head too low in the tub.

In general, keep it as sweet, clean and placid as possible.

Besides eating, the only business of the new-born babe is to sleep. The one that does not sleep is a bad commentary on its mother, for, like a machine started wrong, it never goes right. It is a pity so much depends on the way the child is managed in the beginning, since just at this time the mother is sick; the nurse ignorant as a rule: the grandmother and relatives so literally smother it in kindness.

A form of Chinese torture is prevention of the criminal's sleeping for eight days, all end, and the victim dies a raving maniac in horrible agony before the specified time has

end, and the victim dies a raving maniac in horrible agony before the specified time has expired. Sleep is as necessary to the human life as air, and yet too often babies are deprived of what they should have in this way of rest.

Bedtime, says a clever writer in Dress, should be the pleasantest part of baby's day. His eyes should close on a lovely world, with no scoldings or frowns in it, and, whatever may have gone before, mother's good-night kiss should be the finale. The bedroom should be cosy and attractive, neither barn-like nor box-like, a place grateful to weary souls and it should never be a place of punishment.

Occasionally the hour for retiring comes before the little folk are ready, especially during the bracing winter days. Little bodies must be made tired by some kind of exercise; light calisthenics, particularly limb, spine and chest movements, a "ree!" "prisoners' base, followed by a brisk rubbing down with a Turkish towel or flannel cloth. This last should not be done until prayers are said, luncheon is eaten, hands and face cleansed, and teeth and hair have received attention.

Lower the windows at the top four inches, and lift them a little at the bottom. Let the curtains shut off the draught if the bed is too near.

Drinking water, if it must stay in the headshanior over night should be closed.

the curtains shut off the draught if the bed is too near.

Drinking water, if it must stay in the bedchamber over night, should be closed tight, for water is a magnet for impurities in the atmosphere. Unless utterly impossible water for toilet purposes should be drawn fresh when used.

The hamper for soiled clothes should never be left in a bedroom. It is best down in the laundry, in a dry corner on the back porch, or at least by some window which may be left onen constantly. Many diseases can be communicated to the air by handkerchiefs and wearing apparel only slightly soiled.

handkerchiefs and Wearing appared slightly soiled.

Baby should sleep upon a mattress with a small hair pillow. The bed should be aired every day and the clothes should be chosen with a view to getting the most warmth from the least weight. A single all-wool blanket though not so oppressive, is warmer than three comforts padded with cotton, which may look woolly but are not wool. Soap suds can be beaten to look like whipped egg, but it would not "do just as well" for a meringue. whitpped egg, but it would not do just as well' for a meringue.
Colic is caused by irritation of the digestive organs and afflicts him with cramp in the stomach, causes him to fling and jerk his arms and legs about in various acrobatic feats; in periods of exquisite pain the limbs and body are rigid a few moments, while he executes a crescendo in treble, or else holds his breath as he becomes blue in the face—a harmless sort of infantile hysterics. Sudden chilling sometimes causes colic. Remove the cause and apply rubber hot-water bottle to stomach and feet. For colic and yellow fever there is no cure so effective as prevention.

For colic and yellow fever there is no cure so effective as preyention.

In health, baby sleeps best on his back, with no pillow under his head. If the body be comfortably disposed, change of position is not desired. It is only when laid on one side he becomes restless, because that side feels the pressure of the bed beneath and the body above, while there are always two limbs constricted. His ears, eyes, nose, mouth, heart, stomach, lungs and limbs are so disposed that by resting on his back his spinal nerves are shielded, kept warm and rested, while the unconfined organs perform their functions equally on the right and the left.

Baby's Food.

Baby's Food. Mrs. Kattie Reynolds Taylor, writing in a recent number of Dress, gives the follow ing as the results of her experience in feed-

ing children:

I find baby thrives best on three full meals a day and two collations, one before and one after the mid-day meal. I believe the best hours are 7, 12 and 5 o'clock, with collation at 10 o'clock in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. The quantity of food given at each meal should not be eccentric, but should be regulated by baby's individuality. As a standard, subject to modification, more or less, I think an ordinary menu should include, for instance: ing children:

BREAKFAST. BREAKFAST.

A cupful of steamed catmeal in four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. a little salt, a dash of nutmeg, and all the sugar desired. A soft-boiled egg seasoned well, and another, if desired. If possible, a glass of cream, or else sweet milk, and a slice of apple or an orange, because "All's well that ends well," and if there has been any sighing after the flesh pots of the grown folk it is well to have it forgotten.

DINNER.

DINNER.

A well-made soup-of simple things, which do not include green turtle, crabs or curry powder. Fish, well boned and in simple style, and cold if preferred, with a dressing of yolks of eggs beaten light, butter, pepper, salt, sugar, lemon juice and cream well beaten, then creamed in a farina boiler, or sufficient mustard may be added while beating the eggs, and there will be no necessity for cooking them, since the mustard does it, but I do not recommend spices for children, as a rule. Two or three vegetables, one of them a salad. Good meat gravy, mush, or corn bread made with coarse, unbolted meal, a pinch of salt and boiling water, dropped in thin "pones" on a slightly greased muffinpan and baked quickly. Baby seldom cares for bread except at this meal. Fruit and the glass of milk during the meal. DINNER.

SUPPER. A porridge of oatmeal, sweet barley, beans, rice, or some other cereal. Or, graham bread and scalded milk. Sponge wafers with tart ielly, whipped cream, or custard. The usual glass of milk or lemonade. Fruit. COLLATION-FORENCON AND AFTERNOON

Mr. Rubinose (referring to his pipe)—Getting a beautiful color, isn't it? And who would ever believe that smoke would do it? Mrs. Rubinose (mistaking his reference)—Smoke? Nonsense: you can't fool me that COLLATION—FORENCON AND AFTERNOON.
Milk. Moulded cereals and jelly. Frut.
The oatmeal or rice left from any meal
may be placed in moulds or even cups or
saucers, and set away to cool, and can be
served in various dainty inviting ways at
lunch. Apples are always cheap, and can
be bought by the barrel and stored in the
ceilar. It requires care and skill to have a
variety; but with cream, milk. eggs and
fruit any cook can make good things,
besides having vegetables and fish. This
allows children everything save pastry and
meat, the juices of which last they can get
from soups and gravies. Gin and whiskey did it. When They Recovered They Conversed Two young ladies of York, while playing "ring," ran their heads together so violently that they knocked each other unconscious for several minutes. from soups and gravies.

"I can tell you exactly. It is so high that when you look at the top your hat tumbles off." [Atlanta Constitution.]
Haw pond is about 17 miles east of Cordele, and is perhaps one of the most won-When Job Would Have Had a Job. Mrs. Lumkins—Job was a very patient man, wasn't he? Mr. Lumkins—Yes; but he never tried to keep an English sparrow from building in the rain spout.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

IN LEADING MARKETS,

Prices of Staple Products in New

York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK. July 6 .- Cotton firm, quiet

sales, 320 bales; uplands, ordinary, 83/80 good do, 93/4c; low middling, 10 11-160 middling, 11 se; gulf, ordinary, 8 se; good do, 10c; low middling, 10 15-16c; middling, 11 se. Flour, receipts, 19,429 pkgs; exports, 29,792 sacks; firm, quiet; sales, 16, 150 bbls; low extra, \$2,75@3.40; city mill, \$4,50@4.65; city mill patent, \$5@6.25; winter wheat low grades, \$2.85@3.40; fair to fancy, \$3.50@5; patents, \$4.50@5.65; Minnesota clear, \$3.60@4.50; do straight, \$4.35@5.25; do patent, \$4.75@6.35; do rye mixture, \$3.50@4.35; superfine, \$2.35@3.15; fine, \$1.95@2.75; Southern firm, dull; rye flour steady, quiet backwheat, 50c; corn meal dull, up. May neighbor to the Mannan Nature.

(Chiego Hendi.)

I well remember a visit to the New Hampshare steep to the property of the control of the An Incident Which Increases One's

BOSTON MARKETS.

manners may be greased.

Id that we might see another one so mindful of his brother; but, alas! he isn't born, and John, 1st, 18@10c % lb.
OLEOMARKARINE—The market is quiet, but there is a slightly improved demand, though prices are unchanged. week ought to be one of their most popular "Hunting for Luck," or "Die Jagd Nach Dem Gluck." It is fresh in treatment, and quite all of its airs, whatever the movement, are thoughtful and very taking. In duite all of its airs, whatever the movement, are thoughtful and very taking. In placing it first of all publishers before the American public, the house has shown nothing more than its customary enterprise. Price of not pourri is 75 cents. This opera. "Hunting for Luck," has a number of waltzes that have all the liveliness and grace of movement that is needed to make them most pleasing. By securing them at once, one may anticipate their popularity: 70 cents. They have a choice piano arrangement of the select. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" of Dr. Lowell Mason. The variations are not difficult, and altogether the work is one of the most desirable on its theme. Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home," which will be a favorite in this country so long as songs are sung, appears, with variations by J. Albert Snow; 40 cents. Everybody knows the lively air of "The Mocking Bird," which is the most popular of all American songs. Most any treatment of the air is quickly sold. One of the easiest and pretthest arrangements is that of Miss Ida, which has easy varia ions and imitations of the music box and banjo; 35 cents. "Tee Whip-Poor-Will's Song" by H. Mill-ard, one of the most melodious of American composers, has easy variations of music box and banio and will take everywhere; 35 cents. Oliver Ditson & Co. publish the finely conceived and entrancing waltz-song. "Wouldn't You Like to Know." words by John G. Saxe, music by H. G. Ganse. It is elevated in thought and treatment, and is adapted to the best singers and the most select occasions; 70 cents.

White, Smith & Co.'s new music includes the following carefully selected songs. The arrangement by F. D. Chubbuck of "Abide With Me" is a singular adaptation of music to sentiment, and will lead in favor; 40 cents. "Beauty's Eyes," by Tosti, for soprano or tenor, develops F. E. Weatherley's poem, and may be relied upon to please in the concert or the salon; 40 cents. "And I went with him," comic song by Ed. Laurie, is growing with a favor that will require it to be sung everywhe

Southern, \$4.50\pi.50.

Asparagus, Native, 60\pi.75c; String beans, green, \$1.00\pi.1.25; Wax, \$1.50\pi.2.00. Green Pease, \$2.50\pi.3.00; do, natives, \$1.00. Lettuce \$2.50\pi.3.00; do, natives, \$1.00\pi.1.50; Cabbage, 750\pi.3.1.25; Rhnbarb, Native, 10\pi.8.1.50; Cabbage, 750\pi.3.1.25; Rhnbarb, Native, 10\pi.8.1.50; Cabbage, 750\pi.3.25; Cugumbers, \$2.50\pi.3.50; Cugumbers, \$2.50\pi.3.50; Cugumbers, \$2.50\pi.3.50; Cugumbers, \$2.50\pi.3.50; Cugumbers, \$3.50\pi.3.50; Cugumbers, \$3.50 Groceries. (Puck.)
Citizen—1 wish, Mr. Statesman, you would

FLOUR.—The market is firm on Spring wheats not there has been an advance in prices. Other and there has been an advance in prices. Other flours are steady.

Fine Flour, \$2.50@2.75; Superflue, \$2.75@3.25; Common extras, \$3.20@3.90; Choice extras, \$4.25 @4.75; Minesota bakers, \$4.254.50; Michigans, \$4.25@5.50; patents, \$6.26@5.25; Michigan roler, \$4.65@6.50; New York roller, \$4.65@4.45; Oho and Indiana, \$4.60@4.70; do, do, strai't, \$4.70@4.90; do, do, patent, \$5.10@5.40; \$4.00; and Indiana, \$4.60@4.70; do, do, straijht, \$4.55@5.00; do, de, patent, \$5.20@5.50; Spring wheat patents, \$6.00@6.35; old, \$6.35@6.60 % bbl.

CORN-We quote: Steamer Yellow, 47c % bush; Steamer Mixed, 45%4@46 % bush; ordinary, 44½.2%46 % bush.

OATS-Fancy, clipped, 38@39c % bush; No 1 white, 37½.238; No 3. do, 34c; No. 2 mixed, 32c % bush; rejected white, ...33c % bush.

Fish. "How high would you say that the tower Fish.

FISH.—The holiday has interfered somewhat with he market the past week. The principal feature has been the sharp advance in the price of codish, wing to the scarcity of salt fish and the prospect owing to the scarcity of salt fish and the prospect of a poor catch.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$33.00@34.00; in Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$33.00@34.00; in Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$23.00@34.00; in Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$23.00@34.00; in Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$22.00@23.00; in Mackerel—Ix Mackerel An authority computes that there are 36,000,000 babies born into the world every year. This is more than one to a second. What a squall it would be if the crying could all be combined.

Reasons Why We Offer

SUNSHINE AND ENGRAVINGS

To the Readers of

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

As Advertised on the Eighth Page of this Paper.

In order, if possible, to aid in the endowment and upbuilding of Grant Memorial University, Athens, Tennessee, "Sunshine for Little Children," two beautiful Engravings, and THE WEEKLY GLOBE for three months, are offered to a generous and appreciative public at the

low price of only Fifty Cents. This offer merits the consideration and acceptance of every intelligent father and mother and lover of little children in the land, and all we ask is that they will read the advertisement on the eighth page of our paper. Every one who does this, and sends us Fifty Cents, will contribute to assist the cause of Southern education.

GRANT MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY. A Nation's Tribute to her Greatest Soldier.

This now famous institution was founded in 1867, in the interest of the families of more than 70,000 soldiers living south of Kentucky. Eleven Southern States are represented in its halls. General Grant was one of the projectors. He gave the first cash donation, and his well-known signature heads the list. In its past history it has instructed over 4000 students, trained 1500 teachers, and sent out more than 100 missionaries and ministers of the gospel. Its property consists of lands, buildings, and other assets, valued at \$340,000. Within twelve months it has secured \$160,000 more. It has eight schools and seminaries, and before the close of the year will aggregate an attendance of 1500 students. At recent commencements it has conferred the distinguished honor of Doctor of Laws on Hon. Leland Stanford, Senator from California; Rev. John P. Newman, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. J. Henry Smythe, D. D., of Philadelphia, editor-in-chief of the Sunshine publications, and George W. Childs, of the Public Ledger.

Among the patrons of Grant University are enrolled the ablest men of the nation. Its graduates are to be found everywhere-at the bar, in the pulpit, in the professor's chair, in Congress and in foreign fields. "Its work in the Central South," said the Hon. John Sherman, when President of the Senate, "cannot be overestimated."

In the interests of this cause, which will commend itself to all thinking minds, THE WEEKLY GLOBE makes the above offer to every generous patron of learning among its cus-

By special arrangement all answers to our "Sunshine" offer, on the eighth page of this paper, may be sent to the Rev. J. HENRY SMYTHE, D. D., L.L. D., Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company,

Philadelphia, Pa. American Exchange National Bank, New York City.

Maverick National Bank, Boston, Mass., The Weekly Globe, Globe Building,

Boston, Mass.

RAILROAD STOCKS.
Atch. Top & S.F.. 383/8 381/2

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, green, 5@554; New England steers, green, . @4; do, do, cow, 3@34;g; do, do, bulls, 3; Salied steers, 7@; do, cows, 5@51; bulls, 5. Calfskins—deacons, 16@25c; 6@62; be, 46@60; Sef 12 bs, 55@60c; Tex fint hides, 9@...; Texas, dry-salied, 7@5; Texas kips, 9@...; Buenos Ayres, 16@...; Rio Grande, . @14; Montevideo, . @16; Calcutta shaught, cow hides, 10; do, dead green, . @81/g; do, buffalo, 5@61/g; Sierra Leone, 13@; Bissao & Gambla, 101/2@12; Zanzibar hides, 0/2@12; TOBACCO.—The market remains quiet and unchanged.

We quote: Havana wrappers, \$3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, 95e@51.25; do, good fillers, 75e@51.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Good fillers, 75e@51.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, \$1.50 @5.00; do, leaf, \$7.50@12.50; Havana 8'd wr's, 30@50; do, 2ds, 15@26; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@26; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@5; Country, 4½@4%; Bone, 3½@3%; house grease, 33%@3%; grease, tanners, 15% @23%; do, chip, 2½@25%; do, naphtha, 1½@2½s; do, hard, 4½@61½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 17,616 bafes domestic and 1734 bales foreign, against 17,037 bales domestic and 73 bales foreign, against 17,037 bales domestic and 73 bales foreign last week and 10,263 bales domestic 2112 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1888. WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, July 5, 1889:
Western cattle, 1841; Eastern cattle, 51; Northern cattle, 150. Total, 2042.
Western sheep and lambs, 13,670; Northern sheep and lambs, 553; Eastern sheep and lambs, 20. Total, 14,243.
Swine, 20,665. Veals, 1393. Horses, 702.
Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$3.50 to \$6.00. PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE. PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C. | Brighton hides... | 25c@s | 15cm |

Latest Quotations..... LAND STOCKS. 69-16 -11/4 384 21/8 7 8-16 7 5-16

Maine Central ... 122
Mexican Central ... 1854
N Y & N Eng. ... 4034
N Y & N Eng. ... 4034
N Y & N E pref. 122
Old Colony ... 1744
Port. Saco & P. 122
Summit Branch ... 742
Culon Pacific ... 59
West End pref ... 86
Wisconsin Central ... 2134
Wis Central pref. ... 86 MINING STOCKS. BONDS. MISCELLANEOUS.
Eastman Car H. 214
Lamson Store S. 6012 61
Pullman Pal Car. 185 186 UNLISTED STOCKS.

Edison Phon Doli 944 10

Nat Lead Trust... 32 323/8
Sugar Refineries. 1164/8 1163/8 1

Th-Hous Blectric. 102 1023/4 1 *Ex dividend. Raphael or Rafferty Pinxit. [Detroit Free Press.]
In a city auction store there is a painting

representing a saint at prayer, with a circle of cherubs above his head.
"Is that painting by one of the old masters?" inquired a visitor of the porter of the store, the proprietor happening to be engaged.

"Probably a kaphael, suspensed itor. This could be seen and the seen a

them tomorrow for a dollar and a quarter. You

Oh, no,"

Can't Beat Me Down.

Oh no,"

More bantering fellows, and considerable sharp talk. The market man know he can get the same amount of beets from a neighboring cart for \$1.; so he offers her 75 cents, and she takes it. He has made a quarter the consider a disk of the de-

Generally, the weather during the week was favorable to all but hav and oats. The unusually hot weather during the early part of the week proved most timely and

of town for fresh air.

This haste for money causes strange conduct, and the strawberry sellers are as "iy" as anybody.

Here comes a man who runs a fruit store inst off Washington street, if you ever bought anything at his place once was enough. See him go from piace to place in search of bargains. Those old barreis over there—what have they in them? Rotten apples, hey? Does the rot come through you take for two are. Possible for the papers there white leak for two are. The place of the papers are loaded on to an express team and taken to the back door of his place. They are picked over carefully and wheed clean. Then they are put out for sale, and while other men have placards offering apples for two cents asiece, he sells sk for five cents. A child comes along with a penny she has found and buys one and takes it home. Shortly after that she wonders if the sood God is kind enough to forgive the man who took her good penny und gave her a bad auple. She shinks she would do no such thing. By this time the carts are down, and the marketmen in their white jackets and aprons are sweeping out their stalls, and sprinkling bright fresh sawdust in the damp corners where the leak yr efrigerators drip, drip, drip, drip ald any and all night lone. Ike glaciers belated on the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and will have a sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and so the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and so the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and and linght lone. Ike glaciers belated on the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and so the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, else in the care and so the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, else in the sunny side of an Alpine peak. Good, and where a sunny side of an Alpine peak where the weight of the leak of England by mistake. The bills and silver and gold, too, lie in piles before them, and when they take the train for their cottages by the sea they fairly stagger under the weight of the wealth loads, but they seem to like it, and the wealth loads, but they seem t

"Deep 'down in the heart of my lady there glows A great faith, and a passion of love hat doth place her so far and above

That God gives in his loving, God gives to his blest." Thus it is lies a meaning more deep than one know.

In the heart of my rose.

Mer Only Hope.

[Youth's Companion.]
The proprietor of a "matrimonial estabishment" in Europe was one day visited by a lady of such extreme plainness that he was at first aghast. He managed, however, to collect himself and assume his usual

[Judge.]
Miss Chamberlaine—What does your father, the baron, call his estate on the

"Reckon he aint nothin' extry. Haint no "There isn't? You speak from personal

Had Heard the News. Aunt Chloe-Hi, yo' scan'lus chile! What o' doin' dar in dat mud? Aunt Chloe (demolishing the dam with her broom)-Makin' a dam! An' get yo'

"That plan of a \$2500 house you printed," emarked a constant reader to the editor. 'was very fine, but one point was rather "What was that?"

[Atchison Globe.]

If all the people in the world should agree to sympathize with a certain man at a certain hour, they could not cure his headache

derful natural curiosities in Georgia. It is situated in a low place, with hills on every side sloping down to it. Indeed, it is down hill for miles in going to the pond from any direction. Just at this time every year the water gradually goes down a few feet. Then there is a rush of water, a tremendous roar and within a few minutes every drop of water disappears. This has happened for years, and it has never been known to prove a disappointment to those who go to witness the disappearance.

Last Thursday about a dozen Cordeians left here for the pond. They carried fishingtackle in abundance, and spent a day and night catching any number of the finny situated in a low place, with hills on every

A Georgia Lake Sinks Out of Sight,

STOPPED AT SLIPUP.

One of the Thrilling Incidents of the Civil War.

Foraging Cenfederates Surprised by Yankees Whom They Cannot Step.

How the Despatches Got to Nashville

and a Beleagured City Was Relieved.

(Frank A. Burr in New York Herald.)
"On picket at Slipup."

It was a long, lank Confederate soldier who sat on his horse at the intersection o two roads on the outskirts of this little village in Tennessee. He was toying with a double-barrelled shotgun, the favorite weapon of the class of troopers to which he belonged. It was a beautiful night in early November, 1862 The air was clear and crisp and the moon shone with almost the brightness of the sun. The sentinel was humming to himself a favorite Southern air, and in all his acts and surroundings seemed to be enjoying "the exactions of war." His comrade, who was the other sentinel on an important post, was coming up the road leading a stubborn horse and carrying in his hands two squawking chickens, the result of a successful forage. The animal objected to the noise the fowls were making, and the soldier stopped every now and then to swear at the horse and urge him along. A mile back of him in a piece of timber lay a battalion of Dick McCann's men, one of the most daring of all the Southern cavalrymen. The fires from his war." His comrade, who was the other sen-Southern cavalrymen. The fires from his camp could easily be seen as far out as the

of his captive. The Federal soldier saw his opportunity. His left hand was under cover of his cape; he could quickly raise it up, strike the muzzle of his enemy's gun and knock it to the ground. His determination was made in an instant, and he brought his hand sharply up and struck the piece near its end. It fell beyond reach, and with the same movement he caught the Confederate by his long, flowing hair, pulled his head upon his breast, whipped out his revolver, pushed it against his foe's body and fired. The hammer caught in the folds of the long cape, which hung from the Confederate's shoulders, and did not explode the cartridge. There was a sharp tussie now. It seemed to mean death to one or the other. The Confederate had no pistol, and his knife he could not reach, although he stringfied for it.

"Surrender! Surrender!" rang out in sharp tones from the Federal.

"I'll see you damned first," shouted the fighting Confederate.

Finally the Union officer drew back his revolver, raised the hammer again and made another attempt to secure his prisoner. This time it caught between his hody and arm and exploded with a loud report. Now here is a shot for the end, he thought. The weapon did not miss fire, but the Confederate ierked away from his grasp, escaped uninjured and made down the road at a terrible pace.

All this was the work of a minute. The officer had shouted to his command, "Forward!" the second he had grappled with the Confederate but by the time it had rushed upon the half ludicrous and half-tragic scene the soldier was going down the road at breakneck speed, while the comrade who was coming up, had dropped his chickens in the scare mounted his horse and was following him as fast as he could go. The Federal troopers pushed rapidly on toward Nashville without stopping to do more than pick up the Confederate's gun to send home as a souvenir of the night's escapade.

This stirring incident, which, in its climax, will be found to link two great events in a

This stirring incident, which, in its climax, capital of Tennessee.

The Union officer who had been stopped by the Confederates was capitain of Company H. 4th Michigan Cavalry, who had been detailed to get despatches to Gen. Negley in Nashville. When the officer and

had been detailed to get despatches to Gen. Negley in Nashville. When the officer and his company reported for instructions its captain received from Gen. Crittenden a communication to the commanding officer at Nashville, the purport of which was also given verbally to the officer by Gen. Crittenden. As he did so he said:

"Captain, the chances are a hundred to one that you will not get through. Run no risk of being captured with those papers. They are written on tissue paper. Swallow them in case there is the slightest dauger of their falling into the hands of the enemy.'

Just as the evening had passed from gloaming into darkness the handful of Union men, guided by a faithful negro. left army headquarters for the dangerous ride. The men were already worn with a hard campaign and their horses jaded; yet they were cheerful on the march, although every man felt that his chances of escaping a Confederate prison were very small. The "Hermitage." 10 miles of the way, was reached shortly before 12 o'clock without important incident.

After the meeting ended which introduces the story of this ride Company H of the 4th Michigan Cavalry pusned on into Nachville at as rattling a pace as the tired horses and fatigued men could keep up. When it arrived the picket posts fired upon it without challenge.

John Morgan's and McCann's frequent attempts to capture our picket posts under the guise of Federal soldiers left no other

John Morgan's and McCann's frequent attempts to capture our picket posts under the guise of Federal soldiers left no other alternative. It took great effort to ward off a second vollay, for the outposts' instructions were to fire upon any advancing force without warning. The officer in command was finally convinced that it was all right, and ordered the captain to advance on foot unarmed for examination. When the major on the picket line found that the force was really from General Crittenden how gladly it was welcomed no man can tell except those who were for months in danger of death or capture in a besieged city.

was one evening teaching a young lady, in whom he was somewhat interested, to piay, the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the wish its progress, and soon came down. Some one of the family went up to the said with its progress, and soon came down. Some one of the family went up to the small boy of the family went up to the with its progress, and soon came down. Some one of the family went up to the said with its progress, and soon came down. Some one of the family went up to the said went. The small boy of the family went up to the with its progr

moved into and about the city. Gen. Rose-crans, who had relieved Bueil, established his headquarters there, and preparations began for the famous battle of Murfrees-

A NEW ENGLAND ROMANCE.

Caught in a Phonograph and Penned for Posterity by a Child of the Wild and Woolly West.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"Will this-this disappointment eventuate in any modification of your plans for the future, Osgoodson?" said the young girl softly, as she wiped her spectacles, re-placed them with care, and looked through them in a regretful, sympathizing, almost tender manner at the downcast youth.

"My plans," he replied drearily. "What are plans to me? Who polyphonizes to me of plans? The answer you have just given me reduces to irremediable chaos every nascent inchoative design projected by the stereopticon of earnest purpose on the screen of mental receptivity." A shadow of pain flitted across the brow

of the young woman. From where she stood, on the inside of a gate in the rear of one of Boston's noblest mansions, she looked one of Boston's noblest mansions, she looked out over the Common, where light-hearted but mature children were playing in the decorus, thoughtful, cultured manner peculiar to the Boston child, and a feeling of pity for the young man who stood on the other side of the gate and leaned despondently on the post stirred her soul.

"Surely, Osgoodson," she said, "there are other—"

bounded his speculative firmament."
"While that may be indisputable, Osgood-

camp could easily be seen as far out as the main pike.

"Jim has had luck, and that means a good breakfast in the morning," said the single sentinel to himself, as he sat on his sorrel horse and stopped in his song now and then the stopped in his song now and the

"Jim has had luck, and that means a good breakfast in the morning," said the single sentinel to himself, as he sat on his sorried broads at opped in his song now and then to listen to his companion.

For half an hour or most considerate the song the highest of the control of man. She was sewing at the time, he said. and the last word is generally said with

can sisters their domestic virtues shed a steady lustre in their houses. This, of course, is looking at the question from an English point of view. The American girls are capable of doing both: domesticity is not incompatible with social brilliancy, and many of society's queens are careful house-keepers and devoted wives and mothers, keeping their sweetest words and smiles for their own homes.

[Thomas W. Chittenden in July St. Nicholas.]

Next to white castile, the mottled castile gives the best results. The soap being weigh out 60 grains (for exactness in pro-portions is needful) for each ounce of water. weigh out 60 grains (for exactness in proportions is needful) for each ounce of water.

That is, one drachm (according to the
apothecary's weight of the old arithmetics),
and when the weighing is done and the
obliging druggist thanked for kindness, the
rest is plain sailing. A bottle with a sound
cork is the next requirement. It must be
large enough to hold three or four times
the quantity of solution you wish to make.
Do not prepare too much at one time; two
ounces of soap solution will be a good
quantity, and for this asix or eight ounce
bottle will be the right thing. The bottle
must be well cleaned and then well rinsed
out with soft water—which, by the way,
should be used for all the operations. All being ready, the soap
is out into fragments small enough to
enter the bottle. Measure an ounce of
water for each drachm of soap; this can be
done with a teaspoon, eight spoonfuls making an ounce. Having poured the water
and put the soap into the bottle, we have
now to await perfect solution, which will
happen in the course of two or three hours,
if the bottle be put in a moderately warm
place. Then add glycerine to the soap
solution, the quantity varying with our
ambition. I have found that one-half the
volume of the solution gives excellent
results; that is to say, to each ounce of
water add one-half ounce of glycerine,
measuring the quantities, instead of weighing them, in both cases. The bottle is now
to be tightly corked and well shaken; then
set aside for two or three hours more, and
well shaken again. These alternate periods set aside for two or three hours more, and well shaken again. These alternate period well shakeh agitation should continue for a whole day. Finally, let the bottle stand unlisturbed and tightly corked for 24 hours. Bubbles of great size and beauty may be blown with this solution.

A Woman's Createst Luxury.

The other day a lady found herself in a group of femininity where the conversation drifted into the subject of wealth and as to what constituted laxury. Each woman present was asked to name her heart's de sire if money grew on bushes and women sire if money grew on bushes and women were turned loose in the field. The ladies, by the way, were of moderate means, or their notions of luxury would have had no weight. They were educated and weilbred, or their fancies would not be worth repeating. Now, a man would naturally say that every woman braced herself up and shouted in chorus: Diamonds, laces, silks and horses and carriages. Well, their verdict was nothing of the sort.

The preponderance of desire set in the direction of a maid—a trim, tidy, deft, catfooted maid, who would keep all the paraphernalia of woman in exquisite order, who neglected nothing from the buttons on her boots to the perfune on the mouchoir.

who neglected nothing from the buttons on leer boots to the perfume on the mouchoir, who superintended the bath, who undertood the proper use of all dainty toilet anoldinges, and who, lastly, could relieve a woman of the never-ending weariness of sombing her own hair. That group of women spoke for all other women.

[Indianapolis Journal.]
A young man well known in society circles, who has a billiard-room in the house, was one evening teaching a young lady, in whom he was somewhat interested, to piay.

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

We All Knew Them Once, but 'Twas Long Ago.

Odd Varietions of Familiar Jingles in Widely Separated Lands.

Children are Children the World Over, and They All Sing Counting-Out.

[Chambers' Journal.] Every one we imagine is familiar to a greater or less extent with those rhymes used by children in many of their games, and commonly designated "counting-out rhymes. They are used to determine who is to take the turn at being "it" in "hide and seek," "blind man's buff" and such like person to say, "O, John!" but it always games. When we hear children repeating these seemingly absurd and meaningless of the transfer our friends across the way. It is the "O" that excites their merriment, rhymes at their play it never fails to carry our memories back to the happy days when they often represent us as saying, "Ho!

and the last word is generally said with great emphasis, or shouted.

After the child thus "counted-out" has withdrawn, the leader repeats the same dogwerel with the same formalities; and, as before, the boy or gril to whom the last word is allotted is "out." and stands aside. The unmeaning doggerel is repeated again and again to a diminishing number of children, and the process of elimination is continued until only two of them remain. The leader then "counts out" once more, and the one on which the magic word falls is declared to be "it," and musttake the objectionable part in the game.

When the youngsters are in a hurry to commence their game they frequently simplify and shorten the proceeding by repeating something like this:

Red, white, blue, All on the young.

Red, white, blue, All out but you! and the child to whom the word "you" is apportioned is "it."
These rhymes, seemingly composed of senseless words strung together so as to form a musical or alliterative ingle, when subjected to close examination and analysis,

As is well known to students of both sacred and profane history, the custom of deciding disputes or making selections for numerous purposes by the "lot" was a prevailing custom among all nations.

In Jewish history we find the "lot" frequently resorted to when any difficulty arose. Again, among heathen nations the "lot" was a favorite resource for determining the selection of a required victim for sacrifice, and also for finding out the guilty person from a number of suspected individuals. It is more than likely that, in connection with heathen rites particularly, the priests were possessed of mysterious forms of words, which they used on such occasions; and in some instances the mode of selection may have been practically identical with the harmless method now universally adouted by children for "counting out." This, however, is a subject requiring more attention than we can at present bestow upon it. The now meaningless and unintelligible expressions in children's rhymes may be the relics of superstitious formulas used by the heathen votaries of bygone days.

A great many of these rhymes are evi-

ygone days. A great many of these rhymes are eviently of common origin, but through ourse of time and change of scene have got o changed and transmogrified as to be carcely recognizable. One of the most ommon and widespread examples among English-speaking peoples is that beginning, "Onery, twoery," of which the following is one of its most frequent forms:

Somewhere about 100 different variations and versions of this rhyme alone are given The following is one of several version from Scotland (Aberdeen):

From a work on the gypsies by Charles I. Leland, we have a specimen of a gypsy nagic spell; it is as follows: Ekkeri, akairi, you kair-an, Ekkeri, akairi, you kair-an, Fillisin, fallisin, Nicholas j'n; Kin, kari, Irishman, Stini, stani, buck.

Stini, stain, buck.

This, on comparison, will be found to be almost identical with the first example we have given of a counting-out rhyme: "ekkeri, axairi" being the equivalent in Romany for "Onery, twoery."

Another very familiar form is that commencing "Eeeny, meeny," etc. This is a great favorite among American children, the commonest version being:

Eeney, meeny, miny mo.

This example gives evident proof of adapta tion to American ideas; but the preliminary and concluding "Eeny, meeny" are of obvious German or Dutch origin. Such as

An almost identical form comes from Corn-

wall, beginning:
Eena, meena, mona, mite,
Basca, lora, etc. Enns, meena, mona, mite,
Basca, lora, etc.

Some of the transmogrifications of words
are very interestining, the "Pastor, lone" of
the German rbyme given above, we find in
Cornwall as "Basca, lora;" while in America
it is changed into "Pestalony," "Pisky
larry," "Barcelona," "Pennsylvania," "Butler lather," "Tuscalona," "etc. One of the
most amusing transitions is in connection
with the rhyme:

One is all, two is all, zick is all zan,
Hobtail nanny-goat, title, tall, tan;
Harum, scarum, Virgin Mary,
Singleum, sangleum, jolly, ch, buck.

Here we have a very good illustration of
the evolution theory of modern scientists.
The first form of "bobtail nanny-goat,"
changes to "bobtail vinegar," and at
last, through course of time and altered
conditions of existence, the despised "bobtail nanny-goat" ultimately develops into
the highly respectable form of "Baptist
minister!"

A curiously and exceedingly interesting

minister!"
A curiously and exceedingly interesting example comes from New England, thus: Ain, tain, fethery, ip;
Arte, slatur, debbery, dick;
Aintic, taintic, fethertic, bumpit,
Ain-bumpit, tain-bumpit, gee-kit!

This is said to have been derived from the language of the Plymouth Indians in counting up to 20, and the words are commonly believed to be neither more nor less than a string of numerals in use by the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent. This however is a mistaken idea. The words are in reality a distorted version of modern Welsh, and similar words are said to be used in several parts of England and Wales by shepherds for counting their sheep, and also by

women in telling their stitches while knit-ART OF DIVINATION.

women in telling their stitches while knitting.

Nothing shows the world-wide prevalence of the fashion of these "counting out" rhymes so much as the fact that we have examples in 20 different lauguages, numbering in all 873 different versions. America. Japan, Italy, France. Syriv. Germany.
Turkey, Greece and other foreign countries furnish specimens, and many other countries could doubtless add considerably to the list. Of English rhymes alone no fewer than 464 examples are given, and the list is undoubtedly very far from complete.

The whole forms a very interesting study in folklore; and Mr. Bolton is still prosecuting his inquiries for adding to his collection, and any communications on the subject addressed to him at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U. S. A., will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

ART OF DIVINATION.

Ascertaining What Things Will Come to Pass.

Methods of Casting Lots That Prevailed Among the Ancient Romans.

The Mystic Abracadabra and How the Fateful Symbols Were Employed.

OUEER USES OF WORDS.

Curious Expressions Peculiar to the North and South-"You Be" Exclusively a Northern Phrase.

we too could glibly rattle off the same or John," which we never say.

equivalent verses of doggerel.

Another Southern expression which al-

equivalent verses of doggerel.

In a work recently published, "The Counting-out Rhymes of Children," by H. C. Bolton (London: Elliot Stock), the author has succeeded in gathering together pretty" conveys an idea of beauty that a remarkable and interesting collection of the overburdened Northern word "lovely" rhymes relating to the subject of his doesn't reach. Turning to Websier to see volume. This collection, along with the compiler's remarks thereon, is worthy of allowable when used colloquially. Good! more than mere passing attention, not only We should never want to use it except col-

subjected to close examination and analysis, are in many instances found to be corruptions of words and phrases which originally have had a distinct meaning and reference to definite subjects. Both in the old and new worlds, as well as among both savage and civilized peoples, the same custom obtains in an almost identical form to a greater or less extent.

Even in the lonely islands of the Pacific ocean we find the same practice in operation; but in this instance it is not only the children who use the rhwmes in their games but the adults have somewhat similar formore and the same practice in operation; but in this instance it is not only the children who use the rhwmes in their games but the adults have somewhat similar formore and the same practice in operation; but in this instance it is not only the children who use the rhwmes in their games but the adults have somewhat similar formore and analysis, they sleep either upon the housetop or in the courtyard, or in the veranda, if rain the courtyard, or in the courtyard, o

middle finger, though he does not know why.

He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from the bitter Neem tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth, and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done; he then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooka, takes a few pulls with his euphonious hubble-bubble, and is ready to go out. With a passing "Rama, Rama," to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business.

usiness. While going he will seduously avoid those

"You have no idea, Mr. Kennan," said Captain Nikolin, "how unscrupulous they are, and how much criminal skill they show in concealing forbidden things and in smuggling letters into and out of prison. suppose that you were going to search a po litical convict as thoroughly as possible, how would you do it?"

I replied that I should strip him naked and make a careful examination of his clothing.

that all you would do?" he inquired. "Is that all you would do?" he inquired, with a surprised air.
I said that no other course of procedure susgested itself to me just at that moment.
"Would you look in his ears?"
"No," I answered: "I should not think of looking in his ears."
"Would you search his mouth?"
Again I replied in the negative.
"Would you look in a hollow tooth?"
I solemnly declared that such a thing as looking in a hollow tooth for a letter would never, under any circumstances, have occurred to me.

never, under any circumstances, have occurred to me.

"Well." he said, triumphantly, "I have taken tissue paper with writing on it out of a prisoner's ear, out of a prisoner's mouth, and once I found a dose of deadly poison concealed under a capping of wax in a convict's hollow tooth, Ah-h-h-!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "they are very sly, but I know all their tricks."

Talk in a Russian Bath.

(New York Tribune.)
Now the shower-baths were in full play, the plunge filled with splashing nymphs. Every one was laughing and gossiping. Attendants ran about bearing earthen bowls of water and iced drinks. Scraps of onversation could be heard above the dashing of the water.
"Well, when he began to talk about love."

"Well, when he began to talk about love," whispered a vivacious brunette to an attentive friend, "I knew what was coming. I thought I should die! Why, I wouldn't marry a man like him for anything in the world." orld."
"And did he really ask you? Yes? And what did you say!" as you. Test And what did you say!" "Nothing. I just expired on the spot!" and she ran off to the attendant who was calling her to be scrubbed.

The American Patriot.

(Texas Siftings.)

"Yes gentlemen." he said eloquently, and with a patriotic thrill in his voice, "I think that when an American citizen is tendered a nomination to office by his fellow men, it is his sacred duty to accept it. Let him put aside all thoughts of self. A man can serve his country in times of peace as nobly as he can in times of war. Gentlemen, friends, I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and even though the salary may be small, I will—"

"It is not a salaried office, colonel," exclaimed one of his admirers.

"Wha-a-at! no salary? Then I'm dumbed if I accept it!"

He Knew That Before.

[New York Sun.]

Husband—Well, my dear, what did the magnetic physician say to you?

Wife—He says I am a sick woman and that my nevers system is not in easily that the college had been to the king's, being the following expression of Evander upon the untranslated by Dryden:

O pallas; thou hast failed thy plighted word, if warned thee, but in vain; for well knew What perils youthful ardor would pursue:
That bolling blood would carry thee too far, Young as thou wert in dangers, raw in var!

O cursed at the eacident, and Wel-wood says further:

"It is said King Charles seemed concerned at the accident, and that the lord Falkland, observing it, would also try his own fortune in the same manner, hopping he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression that the other had made on him, but the place that Falkland stumbled upon was the might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression that the other had made on him, but the place that Falkland stumbled upon was the might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression that the other had made on him, but the place that Falkland stumbled upon was the war and the ben to the king's thoughts from any impres

Fateful Symbols Were Employed.

[Marcus Lane in Chicago Globe.] The art of divination is as old as human nistory. It seems natural to human beings 1. To believe in some kind of deity. 2. To desire earnestly to ascertain by ery possible means the will and purposes

of that deity. In order to accomplish this second purose men have had recourse to every possior supposed means by which the will of God might be communicated to men. It did not take a very long experience to con-vince men that there was not a direct, visiole and guiding providence that could be easily ascertained, and, in the absence of such visible manifestation, men generally accepted the theory that the Deity would suffer his will to be known to men who, from purity of character or elevation of spirit, were susceptible of the divine afflatus. This kind of divination is called natural," and the person inspired was supposed to lose his individuality when he became

to complier's remarks thereon, is worthy stated to complier stated to complier to complier stated to complier to can be made and grown and control to the examples of similar rhymes in different languages. This large was a standard to state the control of the arms and the state of the custom among children and the state of the custom and control to the state of the custom and custom and control to the state of the custom and control to the state of the custom and custom and control to the state of the custom and cust

class in their own section. This undoubtedly is the difficulty which many Northern writers find in truthfully portraying the negro dialect. They take as models the negroes they have known, and judge, incorrectly, that the talk of the Southern negro would be the same: consequently, a practised ear can almost always detect the difference between one who assumes a familiarity and one who is "to this manner born." The incongruity of making a Southern negro say. "Whar be you goin" as we saw recently in some story, inexpressibly ludicrous to one familiar with their dialect. He might say "Whar you goin" but never "Whar be you goin" The honor of the expression "You be" belongs exclusively to the North. What he would be most likely to say is, "Whar you gwine?"

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

If Met by Any Evil Portent They Return Home and Begin Afresh.

[Science.]

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season—extending from April to Octoberthey sleep either upon the housetop or in the courtyard, or in the veranda, if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at 5 o'clock or earlier in the morning. In the cold weather, when they sleep within Egyptians, who were accustomed to place a high estimate upon the prophetical capacity of boys. Tibullus alludes to the custom in

of boys. Tibullus one of his poems: Thrice in the streets the sacred lots she threw, And thrice the boy a happy omen drew. One of the methods of divination which was practised among the Greeks was that of taking a man's name, analyzing it into its letters, and then eithor forming an anagram or giving to each letters. a volume of Homer was unrolled and the finger but at hazard upon some passage. Diogones Laertius records of Socrates that on a certain occasion his credulity outweighed his wisdom, for "his mind was affected by a Sors Homerica communicated in a dream."

affected by a Sors Homerica communicated in a dream."

The Jews in olden time were given to a similar custom, which they called the Bath Kol. In the middle ages they had a large number of superstitious practices in connection with the divination, most of which were connected with the names of God. There were 72 of these, which they arranged in groups of 7, the allowed combination of which were 720. Out of these divination practices grew the Jewish sect of the Cabalists, who found a tremendous mass of mysterious letters of the sacred text, for they considered them as numerals, and also changed and transposed them so as to give new meanings. In many cases the texts were so warped and changed as to teach the direct opposites of the original and literal meaning.

meaning.

As if these did not give enough opportunity for ingenious imposture they produced a large number of these fictitious writings, professing to be by the "most worthy of the ancients," and thereby secured for a long time a general acceptance and use of the mystical system.

mystical system.
The Latins not only used the Sortes Ho mericæ, but also used their own poets, bu chiefly Virgil, and in time the custom received the name Sortes Virgillance. Brutu is said to have used the Hiad for this kind.

ceived the name Sortes Virgiliance. Brutus is said to have used the Hiad for this kind of Sortes, and to have opened at the passage where Patroclus remarks that fate and the son of Latona had caused his death, and in consequence gave "Apollo" as the watch word of the day at the battle of Pharsalia.

In like manner the imperial purple was indicated to Severus by his opening to this passage in Virgil:

Remember, Roman, with imperial sway
To rule the nations.

The general adoption of the Latin language in the middle ages as the language of the learned led to an extensive use of the Sortes Virgiliance by all who could read that tongue.

A curious story is told by Aubray about its use by the son of King Charles I and its great significance of the coming events. The story is thus told by the old historian:

"In December, 1848, King Charles I, being in great trouble and prisoner at Caersbrook, or to be brought to London to his trial!: Charles, prince of Wales, then being in Paris and in profound sorrow for his father, Mr. Abraham Cowley went to wayte on him. His highness asked him whether he would play at cards to divert his sad thoughts. Mr. Cowley replied that he did not care to play at cards, but if his highness please they would use Sortes Virgiliance. Mr. Cowley alwaies had a Virgil in his pocket. The prince accepted the proposal, and prickt his pinne in the fourth booke of the Aeneid at this place. (Line 615.)

"The prince understood not Latin well."

The prince understood not Latin well and desires Mr. Cowley to translate the verses, which he did admirably well, and George Ent. who lived in his house at Cherise in the great plague of 1865, showed me Mr. Cowley's own handwriting.

me Mr. Cowley's own handwriting.

By a bold people's stubborn arms opprest.
Forced to forsake the land he once possest;
Torn from his dearest sonne, let him in vain
Seeke help, and see his friends unjustly slain.
Let him to base, unequal terms submit,
in hope to save his crown, yet lose both it
And life at once; untimely let him die,
And on an open stage unburried lie.

The same story is told by Welwood in his
"Memoirs," but he relates it as having
occurred to the king himself while on a
visit to Oxford. In this case King Charles
was, according to Welwood, induced to try
the Sortes Virgiliance by Lord Falkland.
The passage found was the same, and Welwood says further:

allowed their virtues to have free scope. They were to be so written as to give the word in the first line, and to also give it in each succeeding line by turning the eye upward so as to include the last letter of each of the lines above it. This was done by writing the full word for the first line and then dropping one letter from the end for each succeeding one, thus:

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABRA

One of the English physicians of the 16th century records the fact that he "healed 200 in one year of an ague by hanging Abracadabra about the necks, and wold stauch blood or heal the tooth ake, although the parties were 10 mile off."

In Sweden there was a similar superstition about the word Anamzaptas, but when a woman used it it must have the teminine termination, Anamzapta. It was important that the word should have the proper sex termination, for Anamzaptas would not have its proper effect upon a woman, nor Anamzapta upon a man.

have its proper effect upon a woman, nor Anamzapta upon a man.

The mystic Abracadabra was also given internally, as will appear from the following extract from an old 16th century record: "A little afore his fit was at haud he called unto the wife of the patient to bring him an apple of the biggest size and then with a pinne writtein the rinde of the apple Abracadabra and such like, and persuaded him to take it presently in the beginning of his fit, for there were (sayeth he) a secret in those words."

These are a fair sample of the kind of

his fit, for there were (sayeth he) a secret in those words."

These are a fair sample of the kind of superstitions that once ruled the minds of our ancestors. No doubt many strange actions and unknown motives had their origin in some kind of "sortes," and the decision was ruled in this hap-hazard way, even in matters that concerned the destinies of nations. It seems puerile and nonsenical to us, but many kinds of divination during all the ages have been received and accepted by the mass of men, and it if only within the last two centuries that the world has begun to throw off the shackles of credulity in order to walk by the light of reason.

The first rethe discounts had been passed upon and the portly directors were laboriously getting up to go, the president, who had the oblest and most expansive vest of any of them, stopped them.

"By the way," he remarked, "I have a note from John Smith, one of our young men, you know—some of you know him—but I guess I must have lost it. Anyhow, he wants his salary raised. Says the business of the bank is four times what it used to be, and his work has increased accordingly. Besides he says be can scarcely keep his family on his salary."

So Simeon straightway strode stupendous strides, seeking Sally's sunny shelter. Simeon soon saw sundry stately sycamores standing sentinel, shading said spin-ster's spacious shelter: spied Sally, sitting soius, sewing sik stockinett, slyly snuffing sweet-seented Bootch snuff. Sudden surprise seized Sally's soul, seeing Simeon's swift strides; Sally's sanctity soon skedadded shamefully.

She, somewhat sensitive, suspiciously started, suddenly spilled some snuff, soiled stockinett, stammered, stuttered, said. "S-s-seat, s-sir."

Simeon shivered, shook, said, "Smart shower."

Sally said, "Slightly so."
Simeon's shins seemed Sally said, "Slightly so."
Simeon's shins seemed sore; so Sally
sought some soothing salve (Sawyer's), supplied some soft-soled slippers.
Square-shouldered, slab-sided, spindleshanked Simeon seemed satisfied.
Sally said: "Sold some silver since Sunday. Simeon?"
Simeon scolded savagely.
Sally suggested supper.
"Sartin. Sally!" said Simeon: "something
sufficiently strengthening. Some strong
stimulant."

stimulant."
So Sally sent some sausage, sirloin steak, Savory stew, some soothing sangaree.
Simeon's stomach seemed satisfied; so Simeon smoked several "Spanish segars," sat stupefied, soon siept, snored sonorously.
Sally, sitting, solemnly stitching stockinett. suddenly sneezed! Simeon started seemed scared—suspiciously surveyed sur-rounding space, shutters, shades; seemed

rounding space, shutters, shades; seemed secure.
Sally stopped sewing—said she saw someone siyly sneaking, stealing Simeon's silver.
Simeon, slightly susceptible, seemed sudenly smitten, sought Sally's side, sacrilegiously surrounded sanctimonious Sally Slater's smooth symmetry. She, somewhat suspicious, said. "Soft—sickish!" Simeon stared significantly, said: "Sweetest, surely such solitary souls should sympathize."
Sally stopped Simeon.
Simeon seemed snubbed.
She seemed sorry, showed some softening

Simeon seemed snubbed.
She seemed sorry, showed some softening symptoms, supinely sought Simeon's sturdy shoulder shishishish smacked Sally!
So straightaway surrendering she smacked Sim! Simeon said, "Set some suitable season.' Sally said, "September." Simeon, shrug

Sally said, "Set some suitable season."
Sally said, "September." Simeon, shrugging Sim's shoulders. said, "Sooner! Surely Scripture sanctions such strong sympathy; say Sunday."
So Sally succumbed.

with me, leaving his umbrella, a very beautiful one, standing in the seat he va-

with me, leaving his umbrella, a very beautiful one, standing in the seat he vacated.

"At the first station a man came in, and though there were other vacant seats, seated himself in the one where the umbrella was standing. My friend quietly nudged me and we kept on talking. Pretty scon that umbrella logs it is noright position in the corner and leaned affectionately against the well-dressed stranger, who felt the texture of its silk and the carving of the handle with evident relish. Another station was reached and the stranger rose to leave the train. Under his arm the umbrella found a resting place, and as he walked down the aisle my friend followed close at his heels. He had reached the depot platform when the owner of the umbrella tapped him quietly on the shoulder and said: "Please return my unabrella to the seat you took it from."

"One glance at the speaker's eyes convinced the would-be thief that he meant what he was saying, and he mounted the coach steps and walked to the seat and set the fellow turned shame-facedly to leave he was aided on his way by livel" hand-clamping and roars of laughter. I think it will be several days at least before he makes a similar attempt."

The opinions of the directors were not very coherent just at the moment. They made various appeals to him, on the good name he bore on the dishonor he would had had in him. on the good name he bore, on the dishonor he would had not him to an increase in salary. "I'm will make you a proposition. If you will sign a bond not to prosecute me and publish in the daily papers a set of resolutions setting forth that. whereas, your will make you a proposition. If you will sign a bond not to prosecute me and publish in the daily papers a set of resolutions setting forth that. whereas, your will sign a bond not to prosecute me and trusted employe. John Smith, by the receipt of a legacy from a deceased of further service; resolved that you part with him with extreme regret, etc.—if you do this, I will bring back \$125,000 and ordinately and the st

A balloon which went up from a circus near Montgomery several years ago sailed away eight or 10 miles and came down in a field where some negroes were ploughing. Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot com-

charlot came down upon him with terrible swiftness.

In that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed, and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master he quickly decided to greet the Lord of heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle bimself from the meshes about his car the old darkey, with an air of profound obeisance, removed the wool hat from his shiny pate, bowed low and said with plous unction:

"Monther hard signor money."

Then he took his former stand by the mantelprice and watched their easer faces while they bent over to countif. A hundred signor specific part of the in smaller denominations—\$25,000 some of it in smaller denominations—\$25,000 more vet—and then, to their amazement, another hundred \$1000 tills.

"Why, it's all here—you've brought it all back—"

"I never meant to steal it." said Smith coolly. "I made you believe I did merely to convince you hat you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle in keeping a man on a starvation-salary with a fortune within his grasp, I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trated a mulcase then cold business. 'Mornin', Mars' Jesus, how you lef' your

[Louisville Courier-Journal. Gushing visitor-O oo ittle teenty weenty toozie oozie sing! Tum here and et me tiss its attle turly tootsie-wootsie, oo itty pitty

Too Much for the Bahy

madam, but owing to what, perhaps, is a foolish prejudice on mamma's part. I have not been allowed to commence my language studies. I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you to address me solely in the English language.

[Terre Haute Express.] Wibble-What is the most remarkable example of indecision you ever heard of. Wab-

Almost Equals It.

Wabble-I guess the jackass between the Wabble—I gness the jackass between the fifth century, its said to have invented that mystic form of letters known as the Abracadabra or Abrasadabra. The letters were considered as being nossessed of magical import, whereby they exercised a wonderful healing power when used in any way that whistle blows almost equals him.

A PAYING TELLER'S CRIME.

Why and How It Was Compounded by Superiors.

He Raised His Own Salary After the Directors Had Refused to Do So.

It is Unsafe to Expect All the Cardinal

Virtues at Sixpence a Day. The following article, condensed from the Pittsburg Times, is itself a condensation of a short story which appeared in Soribner's Magazine some two summers ago. But, though a plagiarism, its moral

is worth repeating. Once there was a man. He was a clerk in a bank at \$45 a month. His name was John Smith. At a directors' meeting one day. after the discounts had been passed up

all the ages have been received and accept but I guess I must have lost it. Anyhow, he do by the mass of men, and it if only within the last two centuries that the world has begun to throw off the shackles of credulity in order to walk by the light of reason.

SECOND STORY.

SECOND STORY.

SECOND STORY.

Some Stranger's Search for Sibillant Syllables Since Simon Short's Startling Story Shocked Us.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Simeon Sykes, silver-seller, strayed slowly southward, steadily seeking satisfactory such ward, steadily seeking satisfactory sugar shovels, small sized salvers, superior specially southward, steadily seeking satisfactory sugar shovels, small sized salvers, superior specially something seemed softly saying: "Sweet Sally Slater Simeon soon shall see."

So Simeon straightway strode stupendous strides, seeking Sally's sunny shelter.

Simeon soon saw sundry stately sycamore standing sentinel, shading sald spinster spacious shelter: spied Sally, string solus, sewing silk stockinett, slyly snuffing solus, se

The directors hadn't been in session long the next day when John Smith opened the door, handed in a slip of paper and walked back to his desk. There was silence for a minute, then a murmur, and then the door opened and two or three voices called "Smith" In a moment," answered Smith, cheer-

fully. "What do you mean by this?" they de "What do you mean by this?" they demanded, when he appeared in the directors room. "Telling us there is only \$9647.80 of available cash, and suggesting that we get some for the counter."

"It's so," responded Smith, "and I thought you ought to know it before the money is all checked out. The bank oughtn't to have to close its doors in the middle of the day."

"But according to your statement of yesterday and your showing of today's business there ought to be \$259, 448. Where is the other quarter of a millien?"

"I've invested it." responded Smith coolly, "in a safe place—\$250,000 of it. The other 20 cents I took for street car money. I took a quarter of a million away with me last evening."

took a quarter of a million away with me last evening."
"You what?"
"I stole it, in plain English. When I got this response to my note to the president I—but, really, I must renew my suggestion about the advisability of getting some cash on the counter. You are very short, and you ought to attend to it at once."

Then Mr. Smith leaned up against the carved mantelpiece, read the president's note refusing his request for an increase, and went on.

"When I got this note it set me to thinking whether, as our relations were a purely business affair, I couldn't do better than go on as I had been doing. There were \$250,000 in convenient shape that I could get my hands on. I might have skipped to Canada with it, but I don't like the climate. I took the money away with me and concealed it—" pausing for a moment and smilling down pausing for a moment and smiling down into their eager faces, 'in a place known only to myself up, and as our relations, in the language of the president. Scribture sanctions such strong sympathy; say Sunday."
So Sally succumbed.

Seven supernal seasons softly, silently slipped somewhere. Seven small scions sprung, successively shedding sunshine, singing, shouting, seldom sick, squalling sometimes, still sweetening Sally's solitude. So, succeeding summers serenely spent. Simeon's seven stawart sons seized soldiers' swords—successively subdued Southern secessionists—subsequently settled South.

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The opinions of the directors were not

be delicate for me to be present when they are adopted."
"Couldn't you bring it today Mr. Smith?"
asked the president, in a perspiration.
"No, I haven't time to go after it. The work at my desk always keeps me busy until the hour for closing the bank. You will have to trust me until tomorrow.

field where some negroes were ploughing. Terrified at the spectacle of a charlot coming down from heaven, they verily believed that the last great day had come, and remembering all their shortcomings, fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge.

One gray-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plough, but could not run, and the charlot came down upon him with terrible swiftness.

They were all on hand early next day. Smith, the cashier said, not without some surprise at hearing the president inquire for him as "Mr." Smith, had gone out to get his lunch. At the stroke of 12 the door opened and Smith walked in. He picked up the resolutions, read them with approval, and with a "Thank you gentlemen this is hand-some," he handed a package to the president, saying:

"Here is your money."

They were all on hand early next day.

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"Here is your money."

They were all on hand early next day.

"I never meant to steal it." said Smith. coolly. "I made you believe I did merely to convince you hat you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle in keeping a man on a starvation-salary with a fortune within his grasp. I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trusted employes than cold business. I suppose you will have no other use for me. I am ready to turn over my books as soon as you name my successor. He will find them all right. Good day."

He walked back to his desk. Pretty soon they called him in again and the President made a little speech. He said the lesson had been an unpleasant one, but they were disposed to take it in the spirit in which it was given. Perhaps he was right. They had no desire to punish him, but—and here he hesitated and stammered a little—they were also unwilling, that is to say, they had no desire to keep a financier of his ability in the humble canacity in which he had hitherto been employed. Therefore, one of their number, Mr. Wilkins, who was the agent of an insurance company, at a salary of \$400a year, had decided to resign that position and would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor. Meanwhile Mr. Smith could take a vacation of two weeks.

[Detroit Free Press.]
The knees of a man are an unimpeachable index of his character; that is, if they have not been injured so that their natural action

is impaired. A strong character is accompanied with a strong walk. A weak character is shown in the weak knees and the shilly-shallying, scraping walk. If one should desire the performance of a deed which desire the performance of a deed which requires nerve and perseverance he would never trust it to a man who drags his legs about as if they were made of lead, or who walks as if his less were half asleep. If you want to measure a man's character and have not the time to scrutinize and analyze his features, and through them the soul, study his nether extremities and how he uses them. You will get from his legs in action, and sometimes from his legs in repose, the general outline of his being. And you may be quite sure that the idea you do glean is, in nine case out of 10, the correct one.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

At the Door. [Walter Learned in the Century.]
It was just for a moment Rose stopped at the door,
In the dim twilight,
And I halted and stammered, and said no more

Yet now I can think of a host of things That I meant to say:
And the words come as fast as if they had wings
When she is away. For I think her charming, but how can she know

What I think aright, When the best I can do is to stammer so,
And say—"Good night?" The Touch of Fate. [Charles S. Greene in July Overland.]

As Esther stood before the gate Where sat the king in royal state, Knowing that should she vainly sue Her doom was death, yet the she knew Content the issue to await: So stand I here to test my fate, threatened with a loss as great.

Not death, but life apart from you— As Esther stood. But Esther, love, was bidden straight So shall not I, dear heart, stand too.

Crowned with success, erect, elate, As Esther stood? Just Bloomed. [Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in the Century.] Come, Marie, take your feathered hat And shoulder cape, and piquant muff,

Some repartees, a laugh, a glance, And in your sleeve a sly rebuff— Come, Marie, come! Come dancing down the stairs, and call

Some trite remark that sounds divine; Be saucy at your mother's care About your wraps; my aid decline About your glove. I know not why a foolish girl

Should seem so wise-to be so sweet;

Nor why, without a glimpse of soul, You are a creature quite complete, And somewhat rare. Let me but gaze upon your cheek. And catch the fervor of your eye, And note the dimple at your lip When I declare that I shall die

Without your love!

The Injun. [Merchant Traveler.] A noble lnjun sat one day In peaceful contemplation Of spreading plains with verdure gay: His eye was bright, his mind was clear;

Each muscle thrilled with power,

And sturdy effort hovered near His rude domestic bower. The years rolled on; the white man came, The pistol and the poker game, Ham sandwiches and whiskey. The Injun gaunt and hungry stalks The streets of Denver city, Inspiring everywhere he walks

"If as of yore my time I spent I'm glad," says he, "the white man went To work and civilized me." He Marched With the Boys. [M. B. Duffie in Philadelphia Record.]

Contempt unmixed with pity.

He wasn't no major ner kernel; But our partner in trials an' joys, He'd spurn e'en the stars o' a general To march in the mud with the boys. He wasn't no feather-bed soljer; In his metal was found no alloys, He'd never play off or shirk duty, But marched in the mud with the boys. He might 'a been ailin', but stayed there,

He never responded to "sick call,"
But marched in the mud with the boys. As we bore him back out o' the noise, He whispered, "I'm goin', tell father I marched in the mud with the boys." We planted him there in the valley,

At the front, notwithstandin' the noise

"He marched in the mud with the boys." Clamourie. [Samuel Minturn Peck in Atlanta Constitution.]

dreamed that you kissed me! I dreamed that I felt and over my mouth, that was quivering dwell The odor of roses and wine.

The joys began ringing the dew-bells bright, The moon shed an answering beam; The fountain leaped up with a thrill of delight, But alas!—it was only a dream.

Neath the moon's pale gleam, Only the dream of a kiss; But fate may undo me, And sorrow pursue me. You were mine for one moment of blisss. dreamed that you kissed me! Your shimmering Rippled over mine eyes in its flow. felt the soft touch of your bosom most fair

'Twas only a dream

With virginal illies a-blow.
Two white arms stole around me with passion con-All pains of the past to redeem. Fortune deride me, one moment was blest; But alas!—it was only a dream. 'Twas only a dream

'Neath the moon's pale gleam.

Only the dream of a kiss:
But Fate may undo me, And sorrow pursue me,
You were mine for one moment-of bliss! Dream-Song. (Samuel Minturn Peck in Atlanta Constitution. The sweetness of loving is dreaming Sweet dreams that will never come true, With the star of hope blissfully beaming

In a bright and impossible blue; Dreaming that vows fondly spoken Will ever be true as they seem: Dreaming that hearts ne'er are broken;
Dreaming that life is a dream. O Fate, awake me not, Sweet dreams forsake me not. Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful blue,

Dreaming you love me yet, Dreaming you'll ne'er forget, The sorrow of love is waking To a world that is withered and old. With the star of hope quickly forsaking
A sky that is faded and cold;
Waking when time hath bereft-us Of all that the future endears:

Nothing but memories and team O Fate, awake me not, Sweet dreams forsake me not,
Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful blue,
Dreaming you love me yet, Dreaming you'll ne'er forget, Let me not waken to find love untrue!

Midsummer iM. S. B. in Judge. J Do you remember, my own sweetheart, The deep, bright midsunmer weather, When, lonely and loving, we walked apart

Through blossoming fields together; While the lark sang high or the rustling wheat And the swallows skimmed the meadow, And the dreamy breath of the clover-sweet Was abroad in sun and shadow? Do you remember the waysides fair, The dew on the grass-blades gleaming. And the two young hearts, with never a care
In the world of their happy dreaming?
Oh, the deep embrace of the yearning eyes,
And the hands' shy, timid meeting;

The ready smile and the stifled sighs, And the hearts' wild, unheard beating! Do you remember the old cross-roads Where I watched for you and waited, While the hay went by in swaying loads
Where the children rode, elated?
How strangely the dream comes back-today! The scythes of the reapers swinging,
The smooth, brown stubble, the piled-up-hay,
And the sound of the children's singing.

But, love, sometime, ere the summer wane And the long fair days be over, Will you come to the old cross-roads again,
With a smile for your waiting lover?
I would traverse the wide world, see and las

I would brave all the fates together. To walk ence more with you, hand in hand, Through the deep, sweet midsummer weat

A FATAL CHOICE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT. AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER FALSE PRE TENCES," ETC., ETC.

[All rights reserved.]

She was not a girl that you would have thought of looking at more than once. She was neither ugly nor deformed; so much you saw at a glance; but she was not exactly pretty. She was pale and undersized, and, perhaps, rather common look ing, and she had a great mass of black hair hanging to her eyebrows in front, and coiled up into some kind of a knot behind, after the fashion of most London work girls; and she wore a second-hand flounced frock and a shabby black jacket, and a battered hat that had once been smart, with its limp, black feathers, and shoes that were sadly

Lizzy Blackwell was no beauty: she possessed only one remarkable feature in her face-a pair of large dark eyes with black lashes, and these eyes were so deeply set in hollows of purple shadow that they could hardly be called attractive. Her nose and mouth were commonplace, her cheeks were pale, her hands were coarse and reddened by exposure to the weather. You might have passed her a dozen times in the London streets without notice, for she was a slightinsignificant little thing, and, save for some unusual quietness of manner, not in any way distinguishable from the ordinary crowd of girls who jostled each other as they went to their factory or their workment of the Mile End road.

Yet somebody must have found her beautiful, whether you or I would have done so or not, for at 18 Lizzy Blackwell of view; even Edward Primrose looked at had a lover, and a lover of whom she was very proud.

He was such a respectable young man. His name was Edward Primrose: and I am sorry to say that some of his acquaintances spoke of him derisively as "Miss Prim. from which it may be conjectured that his habits were as decorous as his general demeanor was precise. He was a tall, thin, sandy-haired young man, in the grocery business; he wore the cleanest and whitest of aprons when about his work, and he was usually seen with a pen tucked neatly be very least with the set of his shiny locks.

These locks were always heavily poma tumed on Sundays, and-to his credit be it said-his hands were generally clean. When he had his best suit on, when he had got rid of the apron and donned a brightgreen tie, a horseshoe pin and a pair of dogskin gloves, "you would not ha' known him Lizzy used to say, "from the greatest duke in the land." And this gorgeous creature of the highest respectability-was Lizzy Blackwell's young man.

How had it come about? For Lizzy's antecedents and circumstances were any thing but gorgeous; indeed, they could hardly be classed as respectable. She had grandparents who drank and occasionally thieved; they sponged upon her and consumed her earnings; now and then, by way of variety, they beat her. Her mother was dead; her father, she believed, was in She had a young brother who needed to be supported and sent to school. Altogether, the connection was undesirable and it was a remarkable thing that Edward Primrose, that very precise young shopman, should have condescended to look admiringly, perhaps we should rather say, patronizingly, into the depths of Lizzy's pretty, dark-fringed eyes.

It all came out of a London fog. There are hearts for whom the murky London streets are full of glamor; for whom the yellow pall of smoke lifts on a vision of romance. In the noise of a thoroughfare, and in the light of some flaring naphtha jets, on a thick misty December night, Lizzy Blackwell first made the discovery that Mr Atkins' assistant thought her worthy of his

She had been making some humble little purchases for Christmas-sugar, raisins, tea, an orange or two, and a pennyworth of weets for her brother Dick, and had her arm, when, just as she was leaving the to make a move. thop, a big, ruffianly-looking fellow jostled her in the doorway, upset her and



er basket, helped himself to one or two o

her packages, and then bolted off into the darkness of a side street. Lizzy-or Liz. as her friends more often called her-uttered a quick, sharp, frightened cry, and then burst into helpless sobs and tears.
"What's the matter?" said Mr. Atkins' young man, coming to the rescue in his white bib and apron, with his pen tucked

behind his ear. "What can I do for you, miss? Police!" But it was no use to call out "Police!" for

the marauder was by this time far away, and Lizzy commanded herself sufficiently to explain the matter, and to pick up her remaining parcels.
"It's on'y that I've spent all my money."

she said, with a sob, "and Granny'll 'ave no tea now, an' she's that fond o' tea! . . all in a tremble," she added with a little laugh, "an' I dunno how I'll get 'ome." 'Wait a minute," said the assistant gallantly, "and I'll walk home with you.

We're just going to close." 'Oh my!" Liz faltered. "But I couldn't think o' troubling you—"
"No trouble at all." said Mr. Primrose.

"You're—you're—much too pretty, you know, to go about by yourself so late o' He did not know what made him say it.

She certainly did look quite pretty as she stood in the doorway, the glare of the lamps adding brilliancy to her beautiful eyes and the flush on her pointed little face. Her mouth, rosy at that moment with youth and excitement, trembled into a sweet vague smile as she heard his words. She waited obediently until the shop was closed, and then she allowed him to walk beside her and carry her basket all the way home. Moreover, she let him kiss her in the shadow of the doorway before he said goodby.

That was how it began.
Since then she had seen a good deal of him. Generally in the street, of course—what other promenade is there for the London working girl? They used to meet when the shop was closed and walk up and down the pavement. And on Sunday afternoons they went into the country by 'bus-when Mr. Primrose chose to spare a few pence for that purpose and the weather was fine and clear. But Mr. Primrose was of an economical turn and the weather has a way of looking gloomy in the vicinity of Mile End Road. Lizzy discovered that he went to chapel every Sunday morning with his mother, and offered once to accompany

him, but he demurred. "You see, my mother's very particular about dress and all that sort of thing," he said, with a glance at Lizzy's shabby gar-ments, "and she might take a sort of dislike to you if she saw you in an old frock. you know; so suppose we wait a bit till you've about you. She's a great friend of the minively, "and they're anxious in their minds about me just now, because I've given up "Anything further tonight, miss?" in his

about me just now, because I've given up being a Sabbath school teacher in the after noons. It is you that made me do that, you know, Lizzy."

"Oh, I don't want to do you no harm, Edward," faltered Lizzy, the tears gathering in her great dark eyes.

"I know you don't." he answered in his patronizing way; "and so I'm sure you'll see that we had better wait for that new frock you've been talking about so long. It's getting towards summer time now; you'll be smartening yourself up before long. I s'pose."

"Yes, Edward," said Lizzy, rather faintly. She had intended to make her old dress

"Anything further tonight, miss?" in his most professional manner.

She shook her head and went sadly out of the shop, Dick was waiting for her outside—a pale, thin little fellow of ten years old, with very sharp eyes and a preternatural acuteness of expression. He soon noticed that his sister's eyes were full of tears, "What's that chap bin doing to you. Liz?" he asked.

"Nothing: nothing at all. Oh, Dick, I wish I was dead!"

"What 'ud become o' me if you was dead?" queried Dick. "You'd better not die yet—not t'll I'm old enough to do without me," said Liz, pathetically; but it was evident that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration.

She had intended to make her old dress last throughout the summer, but she did not dare to tell him so. The money that she earned in the factory went towards keeping her grandparents and her little brother: she seldom spent a penny upon herself. But if Edward expected her to have a new frock, a new frock she must have, and Mr. Blackwell, her grandfather, must go without his rum, and Mrs. Blackwell without her gin, and both without very much tobacco, until the lack and are all the strength of the seldent that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration. It was evident that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration. It was evident that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration. It was with fear and trembling that Lizzy made her way on the following Sunday to the place where she usually met her lover. She was clad in her old frock, and felt so assumed of it that she almost wished he would stay away. But he came in the full glory of Sunday clothes, sleek hair, and shining scarf pin, and greeted her with aspiration.

It was evident that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration.

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It was evident that Dick did not sympathize with this aspiration. She had intended to make her old dress last throughout the summer, but she did not and both without very much tobacco, until she had saved sufficient from her wages to buy the cheap flimsy stuff which a neighbor would help her to run together.

On one thing she was determined still to spend part of her money: Dick, her brother, should not be stinted of food or deprived of And, accordingly, she had to exercise much self-denial, and bear hunger for herself and abuse from her grandparents, before she was able to save enough money to pay even an instalment of the price of her new

She had chosen a bright pink material, thin in substance and somewhat glaring in shop day after day along the broad pave- design, and she trimmed her old black hat with pink ribbon to correspond. The color was becoming to her from an artistic point Lizzy

He was very gracious all the afternoon. It was a balmy spring day, and he took her out to "the Forest," and gave her ginger beer and cocoa nut. That he firmly believed himself to be breaking the Sabbath added a little to his enjoyment. His mother would have shuddered could she have seen him then. Lizzy thought that she had never been so happy in her life.

"Look at them birds—look at them trees—them flowers!" she repeated in an ecstasy of delight. "Oh, Edward, it is so kind of you to bring me here! I feel as if I was in 'eving."

"Well so de I Lizzy." Mr Primpse.

"Well, so do I, Lizzy," Mr. Primrose deigned to remark. He stole his arm round her slim waist, and gave her lips a kiss. He had never felt so fond of anybody in his life. Perhaps his affection had its ground in compunction, for, as the two were going home that night, he took the opportunity of saying in rather a shame-faced way—
"Don't come to our chapel again just yet."

'Don't come to our chapel again just yet "Not if you don't want me to, Edward."



"YOU'VE GOT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US."

her with complacency when—by previous arrangement—she made her way into Zion chapel and took a seat which brought her within sight of old Mrs. Primrose and her son. But the worshippers at Zion chapel had not much artistic taste. They gave very disapproving glances in the stranger's direction; and Mrs. Primrose's glances were more disapproving than all the others.

As for Lizzy, the novelty of her position overcame her. She had never been to chapel before, and very seldom to church. She did not know exactly when to stand up and when to sit down. She could not find her place in the Bible that was handed to be a grows the pews, and she knocked down spread of the prefect confidence. "And I'm serve your mother didn't like the pink frock; and so I think you'd better just keep out o' the way for a bit; doy usee?"

"Yes. But when am I to get to know her. Edward: I would like to please her, and I don't know how. Could I make her anything? I can crochet and knit."

"She don't want for anything that you could do," said Edward, with masculine superiority. "She has a pension, and I can afford to get her all she wants beside. I've allows been a good son, and I shall be a good husband, Lizzy, when I have a wife."

"Oh, yes. Edward: indeed I am sure you work man it is the first to see the principle of the way for a bit; doy us see?"

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packed them neatly away in a basket on then at Lizzy in the aisle, did not venture

with a fair, waxen face, smooth, white curls fastened neatly on each side of her face, under a close black silk bonnet with a white border, an old but handsome black ilk gown, and a comfortable looking black cloak. She had bright, small blue eyes, and

a prim, pursed-up little mouth,
"Who put that tawdry girl in a pew so she asked her son, as they walked briskly away. "I wonder at the chapel keeper. I am sure. Why, she ouldn't have been respectable!"

"I-I thought that pink dress very bright and pretty," faltered her son, with some-

thing like a blush.
"Pretty, Edward? Bright? What of that? The stuff will not wash, and must have cost about threepence a yard; no decent girl will get a dress like that."

'She would not have come to chapel if she had not been a decent girl," said the young man, with a flash of indignation

which did him credit.
"Oh, wouldn't she? Hoity-toity! What
do you know about her?" said Mrs. Primose, sharply. "You've seen her before?" 'She comes to our shop. I-I don't know anything-much-about her," stammered

Meanwhile, Lizzy hung about the streets

in her new pink frock, waiting for the lover who did not come-waiting, although as the afternoon wore on the sky clouded over and heavy drops of rain began to fall. She was obliged to go home at last, and reached it drenched to the skin, with her new finery ruined and her heart bursting with grief. Her home-coming was disastrous. Her grandparents had failed in getting a hottle of gin "on tick," and were raging like wild

peasts despoiled of prey. Little Dick had hidden himself under the ed for safety, but no such resource remained to Liz; she was seized on as soon as she entered the room, called an ungrateful hussy, pinched and shaken by her grandmother, and beaten with a stick by her indignant grandfather. When at last they let her go, she crept away to bed, her bones aching, her limbs trembling beneath her: the poor pink frock was torn and wet and

oiled, and could never be worn again. The Sunday that was to have been so joyous was a failure after all: Lizzy could not get up the next day nor the next, but on Wednesday she went back to her work, and in the evening she made an errand to Mr. Atkins' shop. her, and while he was making up a parcel they managed to exchange a few words. "You wasn't out on Sunday afternoon," said Lizzy, trying to sm:le. Her voice was hoarse, and she choked a little over the

"You couldn't expect it when you'd made such a figure of yourself," said Mr. Primrose, viciously. His mother's words rankled in his mind.

words.

"A figure!" gasped Lizzy. "Oh. my! The pink-didn't you like it, Edward?"
"It was too gay and flimsy. It didn't look respectable. I hope you won't wear it

"I can't. It's spoilt."
"Spoilt already? What was the good of spoilt already? What was the good of retting a thing like that? I'm afraid you won't make a good wife. Lizzy, if you don't manage your money better.

All this was said in an undertone, and Primrose at this moment cut off the string, pushed the parcel toward the girl, and said, i "I can't do it," she burst out, as soon as

Chapel before, and very such as the stand up and when to sit down. She could not find her place in the Bible that was handed to her across the pews, and she knocked down her hymn-book with a bang that drew the eyes of the whole congregation upon her. The eyes of Mrs. Primrose were particularly a expressive of condemnation.

After the service, Lizzie pushed open the pew-door, with unintentional noisiness, in order to get out into the aisle, so as to encounter Mrs. Primrose and her son, who, she thought, would be sure to leave their se, seats at once. Bat Mrs. Primrose in the aisle, did not venture to make a move.

Lizzy lanced at him piteously, and her eyes filled with tears as she walked slowly out of the building. And not till she was fairly outside did Mrs. Primrose stir, and then she put her arm syithin that of her son and trotted away with him as fast as she could go. So that he had not the slightest chance of speaking to his poor little.

invited him to his house, and began to treat him with favor, and throw out hints about a partnership. Mrs. Primrose was not backward in explaining circumstantially to her son that if he missed this chance he might never have another; and that to refuse Miss Atkin's hand would be to forfeit his stuation and his hope of advancement. It was the old story of love on the one side, worldly fortune on the other, just as it has been told so many times of primes and

has been told so many times of princes, and nobles, and gentlemen, and ladies, all in the most romantic circumstances; and here, although my hero and heroine were of humble birth and sordid environment, the issues were exactly the same—a heart to be broken, a soul to be lost or saved, a life to be crowed with happiness or drowned in

broken a soul to be lost or saved, a life to be crowed with happiness or drowned in overwhelming woe.

Edward, although sorely tempted, did not succumb without a struggle. But it could not be denied that he saw more and more clearly as days went on that Lizzy's friends and surroundings were very incongruous with his own. Lizzie hersell was sweet and good and gentle, but then there were plenty of gir.s (he said) like her, and these qualities did not make up for the undesirableness of her relations. He had been once to visit the attic in which she lived, and he had been unsneakably disgusted by the appearance of her grandparents. They were certaily snuffy, dirty, drunken and disreputable old people, whom Edward shuddered to contrast with his prim, delicate natty little mother, and the worst of it was that Lizzie did not seem to be ashamed of them. And then there was that troublesome, sharp-faced urchin, who played practical jokes upon Edward's own sacred personthe wretched little brother who gave Lizzy so much trouble and was such an expense. The discontented lover had extracted from the girl the reason why she could not buy herself the neat soler dress in which ha anything—much—about her," stammered Edward Primrose. "At least—"

"The less you know the better," remarked his mother. She saw that from her point of view it was wiser not to let him go on. "A flaunting, flimsy draggletail! I should be serry to see you speaking to her, Edward. Remember that we have got to keep ourselves respectable. There's Miss Atkins coming to tea with me this afternoon. I shouldn't like her nor her father to think that you'd anything to do with that girl."

Edward held his peace. But he did not go to meet Lizzy that afternoon at the usual trysting place. He told himself that he could not possibly leave his mother and Miss Atkins.

Meanwhile, Lizzy hung about the streets

The discontented lover had extracted from the girl the reason why she could not buy herself the neat, sober dress in which he wanted to present her to his mother. Her money went in providing luxuries for her grandparents and necessaries. The extracted from the girl the reason why she could not buy herself the neat, sober dress in which he wanted to present her to his mother. Her money went in providing luxuries for her grandparents and necessaries for the girl the reason why she could not buy herself the neat, sober dress in which he wanted to present her to his mother. Her money went in providing luxuries for her grandparents and necessaries for the boy.

"As long as you're with them, they'll drag you down." he said, with infinite disgust. On one of the rare afternoons which he now spent with Lizzy. The bounder to present her to his mother. Her money went in providing luxuries for her grandparents and necessaries for the boy.

"As long as you're with them, they'll drag you down." he said, with infinite disgust. On one of the rare afternoons which he now spent with Lizzy. The summer was melting and present and precessing for the boy.

"As long as you're with them, they'll drag you down." he said, with infinite disgust. On one of the rare afternoons which he how and peace was you're with them, they'll drag you down." he said,

Lizzy, simply.
"And you like 'em better than me, I sup

"And you like 'em better than me, I suppose?"
"Oh, no, Edward."
"You've got to choose between us," said the young man decisively. "I can't do with a set of relatives like that hanging on to you. You must give them up—or me."
'I don't know how granny will manage without me, 'said Lizzy, 'but of course I'll do what you want. I'll tell her not to come a-nigh me when I'm married; nor grand-father neither." a-nigh me when I'm married; nor grand-father neither."
"And the boy too," added her lover in an

"And the boy too, authoritative tone.
"The boy!" Lizzy began to falter, "Dick!
It's me that keeps him. He can't work for himself; he must go to school, and they won't do anything for him. I can't give up

won't do anything for him. I can t give ap Dick."

"It's Dick or me," said Edward, more decidedly than ever.

"Oh, Edward, you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. I've been intending to say so this long time. I won't have that imp o' mischief about my place, nor you giving him my money. Him or me, Liz."

The tears began to roll down Lizzy's cheeks. She could not plead; she only looked at her lover and wept. He was irritated by this form of protest.

"I don't see what there is to cry for. If you care for me, it's no great loss to give up you care for me, it's no great loss to give up a little brute like that brother o' yours. If you don't care for me enough to do that, why, we'd better say goodby at once. I'm sure I have to give things up for you. There's my mother, she won't like my marriage, and there's my propriets. marriage; and there's my prospects. I might marry Miss Atkins and be taken into

make a fuss about that boy."

"Mother told me always to take care of him." murmured Lizzy.

"You may have a few days to think over it." said Mr. Primrose with an agreeable canse of being magnanimous. "You can it." said Mr. Frimrose with an agreeable sense of being magnanimous. "You can let me know on Sunday. Don't go crying and making a fool of yourself here, Liz. Shall we have some ginger beer?"

He had not a single doubt as to what Lizzv's decision would be. "Why, it's scriptural," he said to himself with unction. Resides it was for her own adventuge. The scriptural," he said to himself with unction. Besides it was for her own advantage. The only person who would really suffer in the bargain would be the illustrious Edward Primrose himself. He would have to give up Miss Atkins and the prospect of a partnership. Was the sacrifice to go for nothing!

severity)-The Richard birds, Mr. Church.

Edward broached the subject: "I can't give 'em up. I can't give Dick up for anyone"
"Not even for me?"
"She shook her head. "Mother left him to me. "Twouldn't be fair."

"She shook her head. Mother for the tome. "Twouldn't be fair."
"Choose, then—him or me."
"Oh, Edward, I must choose him," cried poor Lizzy, with a fresh burst of tears, which hardened her companion's heart against her, because it was so noisy.
"Goodby, then," he said curtly. "I was ready to make sacrifices for you, but you won't make none for me, it seems. I'll not keep you longer, miss. I wish you a very good afternoon. You've made your choice.'
Ah! a fatal choice indeed, for Lizzy and her happiness!

Ah!a fatal choice indeed, for Lizzy and her happiness!

Edward went home and found his mother entertaining Miss Atkins, who accompanied them to the chapel in the evening. It was natural that he should walk home with Miss Atkins; berhaps it was natural that he should respond more warmly than usual to her advances. At any rate, before another Sunday came round the whole congregation at Zion chapel was agitated by the news that Susy Atkins was going to marry her father's assistant, and that Mr. Atkins was to take him very shortly into partnership, Some were juelalous, some were indianant at Edward Primrose's good fortune: but most people opined that it was the reward of merit, and that Mr. Primrose was happy in possessing such a successful son.

Lizzy did not hear of the engagement for "And whom was he to marry? A widow! More than that, a Southerner! We could

ye! What is the matter now, Liz? Are you dead?"

For Lizzie had leaned back in her chair and quietly fainted away. She was ill for some time after that—not with any positive disease, but in a quiet, nerveless way, as if she had not energy enough to develop decided symptoms. She never spoke of Ledward. She heard of his marriage soon after Christmas without a word. She went to the chapel and saw the wedding, and took a posy of violets as her contribution to the festivities.

She cast it at Susy's feet as the bride came out of the building; and Susy, who was redder and joilier and brisker-looking than ever, glanced curiously at the pale, shabby girl, whose hollow eves methers so pathetically. She could not refrain from giving her newly made husband a jerk with her elbow.

"Whe's that girl Edward?" she said.

carriage at the chapel gate. And Lizzy heard.

She went home, to find fresh trouble in store for he her. Her grandfather was suddenly taken ill, and died of indammation of the lungs before a week was over. Later in the spring her grandmother had a paralytic seizure, and was contined nenceforward to her bed. And in the strain and stress of attendance upon her Lizzy's health became so broken that she was dismissed from the factory for incapacity.

And yet there was the querulous, feeble old woman to be attended to and a growing boy to be fed and clothed and kept at school. Dick was turning out a clever boy, and would soon be able to work for himself. But in the meantime he must not starve. What was she to do? A way must be managed somehow. Money she must have—for Dick's sake.

"No, monsieur, no," said a fresh female

The grandmother lived for five long, weary years. Dick rose to the dignity of pupil teacher in his school; he was netted by the masters and the clergyman of the parish; it was said that he should be sent to the training college, and be made some day the master of a board school. There was only one obstacle in his road to greatness; only one stumbling-block to be removed. A white-faced woman, sometimes with streaks of artificial red upon her cheeks, somet mes with features swollen times with streaks of artificial red upon her cheeks, somet mes with features swollen and eyes bleared by intemperance—it was she who hung about the school, and was jeered at by the children, and, as people said, destroyed young Blackwell's influence in the place. True, she had brought him up, nurtured him, educated him at her own expense, poor soul! but her day was past, her usefulness was over. She had become a blight upon Richard Blackwell's budding prospects, as well as a scandal to the neighbothood.

Young Blackwell, a fine strapping fellow

"Impossible. We ha number now. Go in. (train is going to start." "But I must have a pl. "And I offer you two in the expense." "Yes, in there."

A little brown head trighted.

Young Blackwell, a fine strapping fellow

when is leady to held you. She knows of places where people—women—are taken in that want to be reformed."

"If I go there, will you love me still, and come to see me, Dick?" moaned Lizzy. He shook his head. "No. I couldn't do that, Liz. I wish you well and—and all that, but since I've found out the sort of life you lead, I've made up mind I must give you up. It won't do for a respectable young man to be mixed up with people who are—not respectable. Goddby, Liz."

"Oh, Dick, Dick, you won't give me up forever? Me that did everything for you when you was a baby, and toiled and starved and gave up my life for you when you was older! Wasn't it of no use to you, Dick, that you should cast me off now." ou should cast me off now?"
But Dick refused to listen. "It's no good

crying, Liz." he said. "You go to the vicar wife. She'll tell you what to do. I promise Mr. Murray I'd be with him at 9. Goodby if. I don't see you again."

He was off, down the narrow, creaking stair, with a bundle in his hand and a light farewell on his lips, without a kiss, without one gentle word for the sister who had, as she, said, given for him her very life and

She sat in the cold and darkness for ar She sat in the cold and darkness for an hour or more and no one ever knew what passed through her mind in those lonely moments. About ten o'clock a fellow-lodger heard her go downstairs and let herself into the street. A policeman noticed that she staggered as she moved along the pavement, muttering to herself. And there all trace of actual knowledge ends-with the close of poor Lizzy's life of sacrifice.

For in the early winter morning, when Mrs. Edward Primrose's maid came out of the trim house to clean the steps she found the body of a young woman in faded finery, with disordered hair, who lay face downward at the very door. Her screams

15 1 100,111

HER SCREAMS BROUGHT HER MASTER.

ssistance, and with them her master's nother, a waxen-faced old lady with snowy Call a policeman! a doctor! Fetch some brandy!-but it's no use, she's dead." said energetic Mrs. Edward. "Why, good gra-cious. Ted! it's the girl that threw the violets at our wedding!" clous. 1ed: 17s the girl that threw the violets at our wedding!"

"It's the young woman who once came in a pink frock to chapel," said Mrs. Prinnose, peering at the poor dead face, "No better than she should be. I expect."

And Edward Primrose did not speak. But Lizzy's legacy to him and to her brother was just that one little spot of pain, that one rankling remembrance, which was never to beforgotten in youth or age, in weal or woe. All prosperity was henceforth less sweet to them than it might have been, and it all adversity they boge about a bitter consciousness of punishment for wrong; so that Lizzy was perhaps, after all, avenged, and in the crowded churchyaro, where she sleeps in a pauper's grave, her gentle heart is now at rest.

She Corrected Him. Mr. South Church (of Boston)-The dickey birds tell me-Mrs. South Church (interrupting

A ROMANCE

bouillon at a side table.

turned.

'Is she crazy?'

longings.

train moved off.

she gave a cry:

things!

who stood near the car.

Horrors! I had mistaken the woman!

a traveller who did not travel.

nuch alike in the back!

"At Touniere: why?"

I explained everything to her.

remember it longer than the first.
"I am dismayed, madame," added I, ab-

was good. I thought you were going to

aiss the train and would be cold, and 1

ould not let you suffer; and so pardon me.

in safe hands. A workman, an employe of the road, took them. You will telegraph.

We will telegraph. They will send them on very soon. Ah, you shall have them. I

swear it, even if I have to go to Touniere

"Enough, sir," said she, "I know what I

must do." Furiously she dropped back into

her corner again, twisting her gloves an-

But alas! Poor little one. She had counted

began to shiver. All in vain did she draw

herself into a heap and pull her cloak about

her pretty figure. Her teeth positively chat

"Madame," said I, "I pray you on

am not complaining, sir,' said she,

or the future. dame," said I, "accept this rug, or I

andle.
Was I determined? Between you and ne, not exactly, I think. But it seems that appeared to be, for she cried out at once:
"You are mad, sir; you are mad!"
"The rug, or I jump!"
She took the wrap and in a gentler tone,

where was my lead? She spoke naively, amiably, and with that dignified simplicity that I like so well. Her slight, almost imperceptible, Southern accent only lent interest to her warbling, bird-like speech; and we talked, naturally, and talked leaving the lively plastical.

with a lively pleasure.

But although I did everything in the world not to seem so, my God, how cold I

is friends, in my honor, and, among hem—her, my fellow-traveller—my

When I was presented to her an imper-

Manager of intelligence office-I am sorry,

you a posi

is against

but I don't think I could see tion, ma'am. Your hand

Applicant-Why, I was for

ceptible smile showed on her lips. Ing towards her, I said in a low tone:

merit, and that Mrs. Primrose was happy in possessing such a successful son.

Lizzy did not hear of the engagement for some little time. She was told of it at last by her brother, who came home with the news from school one afternoon.

"Liz! Primrose is going to marry old Atkins' girl, and set up shop with him! My eye! What is the matter now, Liz? Are you dead?"

For Lizzie had leaned back in her chair.

"In ave just come from the City Hall, and am an experiment of the collar and demand an explanation.

"I have just come from the City Hall, and am an experiment of the marry? A widow!

More than that, a Southernood of Benedicts."

"And whom was he to marry? A widow!

More than that, a Southerner! We could not comprehend it. The first time 1 met him, therefore, I hastened to seize him by the collar and demand an explanation.

"I have but little time," he said. "There are several things which I must do first. I have just come from the City Hall, and am an explanation. And whom was he to marry? A widow!

going presently to Stern, the engraver's, on | do

start. What ought I to do?

into Marseilles at five minutes past mi elbow.

"Who's that girl, Edward?" she said, rather too audibly.

Edward turned and looked straight into Lizzy's pallid face. "I don't know," he said deliberately, as he helped the bride into the carriage at the chapel gate. And Lizzy leave for Nice, where I would arrive at 2 street would expect me to breakfast with him. The next morning I would the lady at the book stall. At the same leave for Nice, where I would arrive at 2 moment, on the opposite side of the car, the

"No, monsieur, no," said a fresh femalvoice with an imperceptible Southern accent. "I have ordered a compartment

with a bed: I must have it." "But, madame, since we have none!" 'You should have paid some attention to

We have received no letter, madame." "Put on another coach then."
"Impossible. We have on the regula

imber now. Go in. Go in. Hurry! The But I must have a place." "And I offer you two in this coach."

A little brown head was thrust through the portieres, and drawn back as if af-

There are two gentlemen!" 'But. madame, I cannot give you a car all o yourself. 'Very well. Then I will not go."

"Just as you please. The train is going for them myself." I give the signal."
"Stay, monsieur, stay! It is absolutely necessary that 1 go. And since there is nothing but this car— But they will

give me a sleeping compartment at the next station?' Yes, madame, yes." "You will telegraph for it?"

'Yes, madame.' "You promise me?" "Yes, I say."

knees to accept my travelling rug, you will take cold. It will be through my studid blunder, and I shall never forgive myself in "Yes, yes, yes!" The door opened. The little brown head was engulfed in wraps and surrounded by all my life. packages. A shrill whistle pierced the ai

We were in motion.

Gallantly the administrative gentleman dryly.

I was very nervous—very much excited.

At first I thought her charming. Then I
was furious at my ridiculous mistake. In
short, I found myself making grand resoluose and seated himself near me, leaving the other side of the compartment to the new arrival. "Madame," said I, "accept this rug, or swear I will throw myself on to the track.' And throwing the wrap between us. raised the window and grasped the outer

Without vouchsafing us so much as glance, all ruffled and red with anger, she arranged her packages around her with the deliberation common to all people who have a long journey before them. There were one, two, three bags and several wraps. From the corner of my eye I followed he little arrangements, and noticed with pleas ure that she was charming. I say with pleasure, for really it is always more agree ble to travel opposite a pretty woman than with a spectacled old Englishman.

Bue took the wrap and in a gentler tone, said:

"But you, sir; you will die of the cold."

"Don't disquiet yourself about me, madame. I am not chilly. And even if I were cold it would be a just punishment for my unpardonable stundity."

"Say of your too great haste; for you are right, your intentions were good. But how came you to take that woman for me?"

"Because she seemed to me so charming."
She smiled. The ice was broken. The ice of the conversation, understand, for otherwise I was chattering with cold. But how quickly I forgot the cold. the It was growing cold very fast. The coun try was covered with snow, and, shining in the pale sun, seemed to fly rapidly by on the two sides of the car. The new passenger enveloped to the chin in her wraps, looked ersistently out of the window at her left otherwise I was chattering with cold.

But how quickly I forgot the cold, the journey and all. She proved to be delicious, exquisite, adorable! The soul of humor, refined, gay, original.

She loved to travel like, like me: she had been in Italy, like me; she dreamed of visiting Egypt, like me; in literature, in music: in everything in fact, she had the same tastes that I had.

Then, too, we had hosts of relations in common. She was intimate with Saint-Chamass, with the Savenoys, with the Montbayon, especially. And to think that I had, perhaps, met her twenty times in those salons, without having noticed her! Where was my head? O dear, where was my lead? The official at my side drew from his port manteau some glaring yellow, green and blue papers with printed headlines and egan to read very attentively. As for me omfortably installed with my feet on the oule. I examined the newspapers I had bought at the station to pass away the time

11.21. Laroche.
The train stops. The official gentleman arranges his papers, rises, salutes us and alights. He is received obsequeously by the station master, who calls him "Monsieur

The lady goes to the door of the car. Monsieur Station Master.' "Madame?"

"They must have telegraphed you from Paris for a sleeping compartment?"
"Yes, madame. I have transmitted the

"What? Transmitted? And they will not give me one immediately?" "Impossible, madame, We have no cars cold. We telegraphed to Touniere for the missing baggage.
At Macon, 4.45 p. m.: It was my right foot's turn now. A despatch from Touniere saving that the bagage will arrive at Marseilles next day.
At Lyon-Perrache, 5.48: My left hand becomes insensible. She forgets to renew her petition for a sleeping compartment.
At Valence, 8.03: My right hand follows the example of the left. I learn that she is a widow and without children.
At Avignon, 9.59: My nose has settled into violet. I understand that she never loved her first husband.
Marseilles at last. 12.05: I sneeze three times, violently. She gives me back my blanket and bids me a gracious "au revoir."
At revoir! here. They will not be able to give you one until you reach Lyons."
"Lyons! At what time?"

"At 5.45, madame."
"All day, then! But, monsieur, I cannot stay in this car all day. It is impossible. will not do it." "Take care, madame. The train is going,

And the train started.

furious and without bestowing a single look on me. And I plunged again into the reading of my 10th newspaper.
Shall I own it? I gave more time to the reading of that journal than to the whole nine of the others. I read the same line 20

She re-established herself in her corner

Au revoir!
Ah I was madly in love with her.
I passed the night at the Noailles Hotel, a
night full of wakeful remembrance and
agitation. The next morning when I
awoke. I had the most dreadful cold in the
head that ever was in the world. Dare I, in
that condition, present myself at my friend
Rombaud's?
So much the worse. He must take a times over. I believe, even, that I held bottom-side up a part of the time. But what of it? One could not be a Frenchman and not feel some emotion at finding himself alone during a long jour-Rombaud's?
So much the worse. He must take a traveller as he finds him. They would take me as I was, and tomorrow I will get well under the sun of Nice.
O, my friend! What a surprise! That excellent Rombaud had invited some of his first and a more and a proper and ney with a pretty woman!

I would willingly have entered into con-

versation with her; but the pretext, the subject matter, where could I find it? Owing to the weather, that classic resort a window to be raised or lowered availed me nothing.

What then? Open upon her with insipid commonplaces? Better a hundred times keep silent. My neighbor I had seen at once with my trained Parisian sense, was a woman of the world, and used to the best society. To speak to her, therefore, with-

veriest boor. The only way to get out of it would be to find something intensely original to say to her. But what?-what? I pondered in vain. I was still wondering when the train stopped suddenly, thanks to that new-fangled brake, so good in case of accident, but so bad for passengers. "Touniero! 25 minutes for refreshments!"

out knowing her would have been to put

myself in her eyes on a level with the

cried an employe, opening the coach door.

My neighbor rose, and throwing off her wraps, left them in the car and descended. It was noon. Hunger began to assert its on the right at the other side of the track. I followed her. I could thus admire at my ease her elegant figure, displayed to advantage by a long otter cloak. I remarked also that she had pretty curls at the back writing of a 12-year-old boy.

of her neck, a hat of gray felt, and very gueen old Dobbles.

At the entrance stood the keeper of the restaurant. Clad in a velvet cap, and bearing a striking likeness to Napoleon III., he indicated, napkin in hand, the long table BY HARRIE IRVING HANCOCK. which we were to take by assault.
I entered with the crowd of hatless, un-

It was back in '58 or '59 that Dobbles gloved, flurried passengers: in short, that defile—essentially grotesque and shocking made his first appearance in Red Star gulch. Rich seams had been struck, and to one's sense of the beautiful in humanity the boys were making money pretty rapidly. As a natural consequence the influx of set of an express train stopping for refreshments. I seated myself, and hastily swaltlers was great, but the newcomers were lowed the succession of dishes which were all young or middle-aged men-all except served to me. The lady-passenger took her Dobbles.

How he came by such a name, or whether I rose among the first and went out to he had any real right to it, were questions smoke upon the platform. The 25 minutes, reduced to 20 as usual, slipped rapidly that did not bother the miners much, for inherited names and generally good anteaway. The passengers came out in groups cedents were not often required in the from the refectory and regained their carmushroom cities and camps of the wild riages. I also reinstalled myself in my West in those wild days. Even how he seat. My fellow-traveller had not yet re- reached the gulch, from where or just when he came, were points upon which nobody I perceived her at a little book stall on appeared to be positive.

the other side of the track reading the But what his business was there was a subtitles of the volumes. Although I only saw | ject that more generally interested the men her back, I easily recognized her by her of the Red Star. for he did not seem to have pretty figure, her otter cloak and her gray any regular occupation; neither did he hat. Her hair seemed to me a little lighter. seem to want for any of the necessities of but it was the effect of the distance, no life, and he was never known to beg. The chief of regulators especially tried to sat Everybody had now returned to his car. isfy himself as to the old man's means of have just come from the City Hall, and am The brakemen were noisily shutting the subsistence, but the store keeper only knew that Dobbles bought sparingly, and always "But she is going to be left." I thought, paid for his purchases either in coin or

"Come on, then," said I. We were in front of the Madeleine, going down the door. It was too far; she could not hear me, called up before the temporary authorities of The whistle sounded. The train began to the Red Star and made to account for himself; but this mode of questioning was An idea, prompt and clear, forced itself through my brain. She would be left here, seldom resorted to in mining communities in those days. When such an imprompt in this horrible cold, without her baggage. trial was held it almost invariably resulted She would need her wraps, poor little in the expulsion from the camp of the man woman! She should at least have her be suspected or under surveillance; and such proceedings were taken only in desperate I took at one grasp the three bags and all exigencies.

the wraps and threw them at a workman But "Queer Old Dobbles." as he came to be called almost from the day of his appear "For that lady over there," I cried. The ance in the gulch, excited only curiosity at workman took the things and went towards first. He seemed hard of comprehension in fact, very simple-minded, and never spoke, except when directly addressed. door opened and my feliow-traveller, disappeared about camp at all hours of the day and night, until it became a mooted tracted, hurried along by a scolding employer, plunged into the car, and the question if he ever slept at all. Though he was continually wandering, or "prowling, as the boys termed it, nothing of value was The one at the book stall was not the right one. The same cloak, the same hat, ever missed in connection with his visits to ifferent portions of the camp, and he soon the same figure; but it was not she! It was came to be regarded as a harmless and

nild type of a lunatic. How absurd for two women to look so The winter came, and one of the coldest winters for many years it was, too, but for a That back! Ah, I had made a pretty wonder old Dobbles survived it all right, when not less than a half score of men gave Scarcely had she entered the car when up the ghost through freezing during those she gave a cry: 'My packages! They have stolen my when at home-which he rarely was-in a crazy little affair that was half cabin and And for the first time she looked at me; half tent. The most of the time he shared and with what eyes! Mon Dieu! That look
-think you I shall ever forget it?

That look
the somewhat superior accommodations of
the miners, and by the unwritten law of the miners, and by the unwritten law of "No. madame," said I. "your things are such communities he was always tolerated not stolen. They are—they are left at Tou- though perhaps he was seldom really wel-

When the spring had come again the gulch was once more a most delightful spot to dwell in. The climate was dry and there seemed to be vigor and "Let me finish." answered the old man, then do your will with me. As my O, my friend. I could not describe to you the second look she shot at me' But I shall solutely broken-hearted. "but my motive spring's advent except old Dobbles. "How did ye come through the winter, old

man?" the miners would ask him, and the queer old fellow, almost as much of a Don't worry about your things. They are

without the cold. She had no longer her warm wraps. After about 10 minutes she again. Indeed he appeared to be gradually melting horsemen to the tree. But none exce

storekeeper, compassionately, one day "don't prowl 'round so much by night. It don't look jest honest-like, and it ain't healthy, nuther."

"It's the only way I can rest," said Dobles, brokenly: "it seems to do me more good than sleeping."

This was followed by another spasm of coughing. The old man tottered away, his legs trembling under the weight of his body and his head shaking as if balsied.

A syndicate of Eastern capitalists bought five or six adjoining claims that gave promise of great production, and by summer time the new company had over 100 men hard at work. Improved machinery brought vast amounts of precious ore out of the soil of the Red Star gulch and every claim that promised gold in abundance was speedily staked out by fresh arrivals, who came in hundreds.

Maurice Tellson, a dashing black whiskered, athletic-looking fellow, who stood oversix feet in his long boots, had been selected as the superintendent of the "Marjorie," as the big claim of the Eastern speculators was styled. Tellson had come to the gulch a few weeks previous to Dobbles' first appearance. He was not particularly well liked, for he was distant and inclined to be overbearing but he was a fluent talker, when he wanted to be, a dead shot and thoroughly "game," qualities which ensured him respect if not esteem.

Wages were paid to workers on the Marjorie on the first day of every month, and Tellson personally supervised the paying off, Gold and silver coin were the only forms of money even seen in the Red Star region in those days, and even that would not have been available were it not for a little bank which had been started about two years earlier at Payson City, 40 miles distant from the gulch. Naturally enough, the first had been started about two years earlier at Payson City, 40 miles distant from the gulch. Naturally enough, the supering had been selected as the supering for the first day of every month, and Tellson personally supervised the paying off, Gold and silver coin were the only forms of money even seen in the Red

been available were it not for a little bank which had been started about two years earlier at Payson City, 40 miles distant from the gulch. Naturally enough, the work of bringing the coin on from the bank was also personally superintended by Tell son, who devoted three days to the round was!
At Dijon, 2.20: My left foot numb with cold. We telegraphed to Touniere for the guard, for the "rustlers" were perniciously active in the vicinity of prosperous fronties

communities in those days. The reason why the company preferred to pay in currency rather than "dust" was that payment in the latter commodity involved more or less waste or overpayment The miners would unquestionably preferred the dust, but were forced to content themselves with Tellson's way of doing business. But during the summer com plaints came in faster and thicker that much of the coin was "queer"-in other words spurious and counterfeit.

"That's curious," said Tellson, when one of the men brought his grievance to the superintendent; "the bank wouldn't play such a trick on me, and I'll swear the 'queer' stuff wasn't substituted for good on the way home. If the money was changed and it certainly appears to have been-it happened after we got here with it, and without my knowledge."

A few days later a delegation of the miners waited upon the superintendent in his cabin office and made a general protest that they were being paid in counterfeit money. Tellson repeated what he had said on the former occasion, and added impressively:

"Boys, this thing has gone far enough to require investigation. There is undoubtedly some one who is 'shoving the queer' right and left. He may be some one who is shrewd enough, and has facilities for rob-bing me and replacing it with his own bad coin. Keep your eyes open, and if the scoundrel is caught he will get swift justice." The men departed, growling and dissatis-

fied, but determined to keep on the alert

ing towards her. I said in a low tone:

"And Tournier?"

"I have them," replied she in the same tone. Then we seated ourselves at table.

"What a cold, my good friend!" cried the excellent Rombaud. "You must have taken it on the railway train."

"Yes, but I do not mind it in the least," I replied, rather to the astonishment of my host and the other guests: but my fair friend rewarded me with a most charming smile, over the excellent soup that was being put upon the table.

But what need to tell you more?
I did not go on to Nice the next day; and I am to be married in two weeks. That completes the story, does it not? and capture the counterfeiter if possible.
One look at their faces would have satisfied any one of the horrible fate in store for the unknown rascal when he should be detected. Another pay-day came around, and several thousand dollars more of the worthless currency got into circulation, despite the great vigilance exercised by every one concerned. Excitement and indignation grew to

cabin, had remained there for upwards of an hour, and had then galloped of again at a break-neck pace. The visit of the myserious stranger coupled with the circulation of sourious money, assumed a dark imrumors became generally known.

port in the minds of the miners when these About 4 o'clock in the afternoon old Dobbles, apparently feebler than ever, strolled to the vicinity of the Marjorie. The men regarded him with the blackest of looks. which he did not seem to notice. He tarried for several minutes, speaking to no one, and spoken to by none. At last he turned to go. when, as if by common impulse, the miners roughly seized him and threw him to the

Old Dobbles lay there as if dazed, and asked no explanation. Twenty or 30 men bounded off to his cabin, and came back a few minutes later with several small bags of specie. The storekeeper, who had been ceedings, examined the bags one after another, and pronounced the coin as all bad and spurious.

"Up with him! Short life and a speedy ourney for the rascal!" shouted the infuriated miners.

More dead than alive, old Dobbles was dragged for the distance of a half a mile, out upon the Payson City road, where there was a convenient tree for hanging. The rekeeper brought an empty ba his shoulder, and on the head of this the old man was made to stand. In a few moments a halter was tied around his neck, and the other end swung over a low pro-

increased until there were hundreds of men and evidently relished the summary justice said to those around him.

The scene that followed was a wild, ndescribable one. Cheers went up from undreds of throats as it became evident hat their victim had but a few minutes to ve. Old Dobbles was seen wildly gesticuating for silence, and gradually the noise absided sufficiently for him to make him-'Men," he began, in a tone that was weak

tell you before I go to that place above. had a daughter once, as good and pure a roman as any that can be found outside of heaven. She was dutiful to me, and my one ambition was to see her happy in life. There never was a cloud upon our little horizon until a man came into our home one day whom I have cursed ever since. 'Men, it was the old story of betrayal and desertion. My poor darling, once innocent in the eyes of all men, and still innocent in

and followed that man. Sometimes she only to follow him again and again, in the ind hope that sooner or later he would relent and take her to his heart once more.' Old Dobbles paused and looked around him. Only his eye saw a cloud of dust up

the Payson City road, a cloud that dimly nveloped the forms of approaching horse

new life in the very air. Every one appeared to feel the revivifying effect of daughter became an outcast and a wan-

away into another world through the hot old man saw this, so absorbed were the rest summer that followed the spring.

"You must sleep more, my boy," said the hearers. in his words.

It was plain that he was carrying his hearers with him, when Maurice Tellson storekeeper, compassionately, one day; broke in impatiently.
"don't prowl 'round so much by night. It "Who is this man you accuse? Come, out

"See here, Dobbles, or Mac, or What'syour-name, how about thet darter of your'n
in Payson City?" demanded one of the
miners who had listened to the above dialogue with a great deal of curiosity, but not
with very much clearness of perception.
"Old Dobbles" laughed heartily, in a way
he had never been heard to laugh before in
the camp, as he answered:
"My name is McCausland—Captain McCausland of the United States secret service. I've been here the greater part of a
year, trying to make out a case against Tellson for passing counterfeits here and elsewhere; but he is one of the shrewdest fellows I ever came across, and it's been a long
hunt. A little while ago I got into Tellson's
place on the quiet, and setzed several bags
of the queer. Then I wrote to my friend
here, Joe Barker, also of the secret service,
who was waiting to hear from me in Payson
City, and he was the man who came to the
gulch to see me last night. When he left
he promised to bring the troops to assist me
today, and he has saved my life by doing
"But what about yer darter in Payson"

who did not even then comprehend the situation.

"My daughter, gentlemen," responded the captain, who seemed suddenly to have grown 20 years younger, "was simply the creature of my own fancy, and I think I owe my life to a clever little piece of acting. I never had a daughter and yet she saved my life. Strange, isn'tit?"

But while the captain was talking Barker had not been idle. Tellson was making off across country as fast as he could go on foot, but the younger detective, with the assistance of some of the miners, overtook him and brought him back.

The ex-superintendent and counterfeiter hadn't a word to say; he was tied into a saddle, and the detectives and the troops started back to Payson City with their prisoner by sundown.

No Use as a Lamp. [Detroit Free Press.]

had been "stuck" with a number of green melons plugged one yesterday, poured a pint of kerosene into the hole, and after waiting a quarter of an hour gave it to a colored man. The latter sat down on a box to eat it, but after removing the plug and taking a smell he arose and returned the

norning strange stories got affoat about the

jecting limb of the tree.

The proportions of the crowd had steadily pon the scene. Maurice Tellson was there, be dealt out to this poor, infirm wretch hope they'll make a quick job of it." he

at first, but strengthened and became clearer as he went on, "I have a little story

the honesty of misguided love, left my roof

derer, so I too left my lonely home and folowed in her footsteps as best I could. Never once did I overtake her, but many times I nearly found her only to be eluded.

queer old fellow, almost as much of a stranger as when he first came to the Red Star, would shake his head mournfully and say:

"Poorly, sir, poorly; my cough is getting worse and worse every day.

And, as if in verification, his words were followed invariably by a tremendous fit of coughing.

"Consumption," the boys would say as they turned away from old Dobbles; "poor old fellow, he won't see another whole winter here. He'll 'pack his dust' and go before the Eternal when cold weather comes again."

The old man seemed in a fair way to realize these predictions concerning himself. Indeed he appeared to be gradually melting the forest property and content of the cough in the condition of the man she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she bad visited so much sorrow.

"I followed her west into the mining camps, but never succeeded in exactly locating her. I came to Red Star guich and discovered, not her, but the villain who had brought all this wretchedness upon me and mine. He has found prosperity here, here where his past is unknown to you. Today he received a letter from my Jennie, and crumpled it in his hands. I was followed her west into the mining camps, but never succeeded in exactly locating her. I came to Red Star guich and discovered, not her, but the villain who had brought all this wretchedness upon me and mine. He has found prosperity here, here where his past is unknown to you. Today he received a letter from my Jennie, and crumpled it in his hands. I was followed in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of her wrongs and to escape the presence of the parent on whom she loved in spite of

"See here, Dobbles, or Mac, or What's-

"But what about yer darter in Payson City?" persisted three or four of the men, who did not even then comprehend the sit-

started back to Payson City with their prisoner by sundown.
"Don't forget your poor old Dobbles, boys." cried McCausland, as he galloped out of the camp that evening amid cheers from hundreds of throats.

And they never did. The tale of "Queer Old Dobbles," and his long and patient hunt for the counterfeiter is one that the new generation of miners there are never tired of hearing. new generation tired of hearing.

melon to the stand.

"What's the matter?" asked the donor.

"Ise much obleezed, but I couldn't use it onless you'd frow in a chimbly an' a wick, an' dat would be be axin' too much of any-body." feverish proportions, and on the following

gulch. It was said that a solitary horseman had galloped into the camp late at night, that he had gone straight to old Dobbles'

A stall-keeper on the central market who

tender was a legal one, and discharged the obligation.

The constitutional convention at Boise, Idaho, was called to order by Gov. Shoup at noon, Friday. Two short sessions were held, and a committee on credentials was appointed which will report today, when the convention will elect permanent officers, and proceed to business. Everybody is in good spirits, and enthusiastic for Statehood.

A fearful rain storm struck Dubuque, Ia, on July 2, accompanied by a high wind. Two boys named Corbett and Bennett, which for a storm struck Dubuque Ia, on July 2, accompanied by a high wind. Two boys named Corbett and Bennett, with a prisoners two dead and one nearly dead. One of the dead men is Cornelius Walker, who has been shot 13 times. He was approached by the officers near willed by lightning. Considerable damage with a chance of catching them.

Deputy Marshal Swayne arrived in Fort Smith, Ark., Friday, from Chickasaw mount and proceed to business. Everybody is in good spirits, and enthusiastic for Statehood.

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The output of four by the Minnesota mills walker in the darkness.

The output steries of a catching them.

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Set passengers were tool unjuried. We should be all the passenger were tool unjuried with a set of the passenger of the control of the passenger of the contro

ready established and inspect as many as possible of the proposed sites for new schools.

While a party of eight persons were out fishing Sunday night at Gravenhurst., Ont., their boat was run down and cut in two oy the steamer Oriole. All the occupants were thrown into the water and three were drowned.

B. Clayton, a special agent of the Agricultural Department, appointed to collect the American agricultural exhibits for the Paris Exposition, replies very vigorously to the criticism upon our exhibit by De Young of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Six men, while boat riding on the Mississippi river at Savannah, Ill., Thursday, overturned the boat about 500 yards from the Illinois side. Parties who witnessed the accident from the shore went to the rescue and succeeded in saving three of the party.

The coal miners of the first and second

to the Samoan disaster. All were in charge of Boatswain McLaughiin.

Judge Bond of the United States Circuit Court at Baitimore heard on Thursday the habeas corpus pestition of Lewis O. Shauer of Lynchburg, Va. which turned upon a question of the legality of a tender of Virginia coupons as awayment for a fine and costs upon a criminal charge in that State. Shoner was arrested for assault, and was fined \$200 and costs. He tendered coupons in payment, and the magistrate refused to accept them. Judge Bond decided that the

But now she turned her head aside, Just like a wounded dove, And breathed a sigh upon the sly, For he'd never told his love. He'd shared her walks, he'd shared her drives,

Had sent her books and flowers, And lingered late Beside the gate, for thought of passing hours; And in a thousand ways or more

Was in love with her alone.

But she was shy and she was sly, And turned away her face When he essayed To give the maid comforting embrac

Six man, while loot riving, on the Ministry Corporation of the revision of the Properties of the Virginian of the Virgini

INDIANA'S SIAMESE TWINS. A Pair of Girl Babies that are Like

the Famous United Brothers.

One of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever known in this part of the country is now causing a good deal of talk in this and adjoining counties. On last

He was approached by the officers near Haws approached by the officers near He was approached by the officers near He williams, who died next day. Swayne at once returned the fire, shooting Walker 13 times before he fell dead.

John Boldt. a fisherman, formerly of Gloucester, Mass., and John W. Lucas, as a knocked out by a blow which broke his jaw. After fighting seven rounds, Lucas was knocked out by a blow which broke his jaw. When he regained consciousness he expressed his willingness to continue the content test with either pistols or knives. Boldt preferred pistols, and they took positions 20 to the bullets lodged in Boldt's forearm, breaking the bone, and another in Lucas neck. Lucas' wound proved to be fatal, and Boldt has been arrested.

The celebration of the Fourth at Adair, Ia., had a serious termination, nearly 100 people having been poisoned by eating ice cream. They were at a general picnic, and after dinner the people by scores were taken with terrible pains. It was found that the ice cream had been made in some new with terrible pains. It was found that the ice cream had been made in some new with terrible pains. It was found that the found that the found the presence of the passages being located at the side. Both are females. Their joint weight is 12 pounds, and after dinner the people by scores were taken with terrible pains. It was found that the first thick of the other cream had been made in some new of the presentation of the fourth at Adair, Ia., had a serious termination, nearly 100 people having been poisoned by eating ice of the preferred pistols, and they measure, from crown to crown, 24 inches. The index of the preferred pistols, and they measure, from crown to crown, 24 inches. The index of the preferred pistols, and they measure, from crown to crown, 24 inches. The index of the preferred p hips and lower abdomen. The two trunks are joined together at the base, with a head at each end, and the lower limbs protrude from each side of the body, where the trunks are connected at the hips. No vital organs are connected, except the spinal column, which is continuous from one end to the other. Each breathes and pulsates quite independent of the other, and both are perfectly formed and have free use of their limbs. Along the abdomen there is no line or mark to show where one begins and the other ends, except one umbilical cord, which served for both.

The infants are very plump, well developed, and apparently as hearty as any children of their ages. Both nurse from the mother and bottle with regular movements, and are regular in other respects, the passages being located at the side. Both are females. Their joint weight is 12 pounds, and they measure, from crown to crown, 24 inches. The lower limbs are of normal size. They have bright, sparkling blue eyes, and are not in the least peevish, and when not nursing or asleep, content themselves sucking their thumbs

Thousands of people are flocking to see the infants, the medical fraternity being well represented. No physician was present at the birth. The mother is getting along nucely. The father is 24 years of age, the mother but, 18, and the present is the second birth in the family. The mother is a spare built woman, weighing but 90 pounds. All the physicians who have made an examination express the belief that the children may live, and think the indications entirely favorable.

The Candid Waiter.

[Texas Siftings.] Guest-Tell me candidly, waiter, why do you recommend lobster so enthusiastically Candid waiter—Well, you see if there is any lobster left over today, we waiters will get 'em tomorrow for dinner. and we have had 'em on hand about a week already.

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